

December

BLUE BOLT

BLUE
BOLT

10¢
15¢
IN CANADA



Featuring:

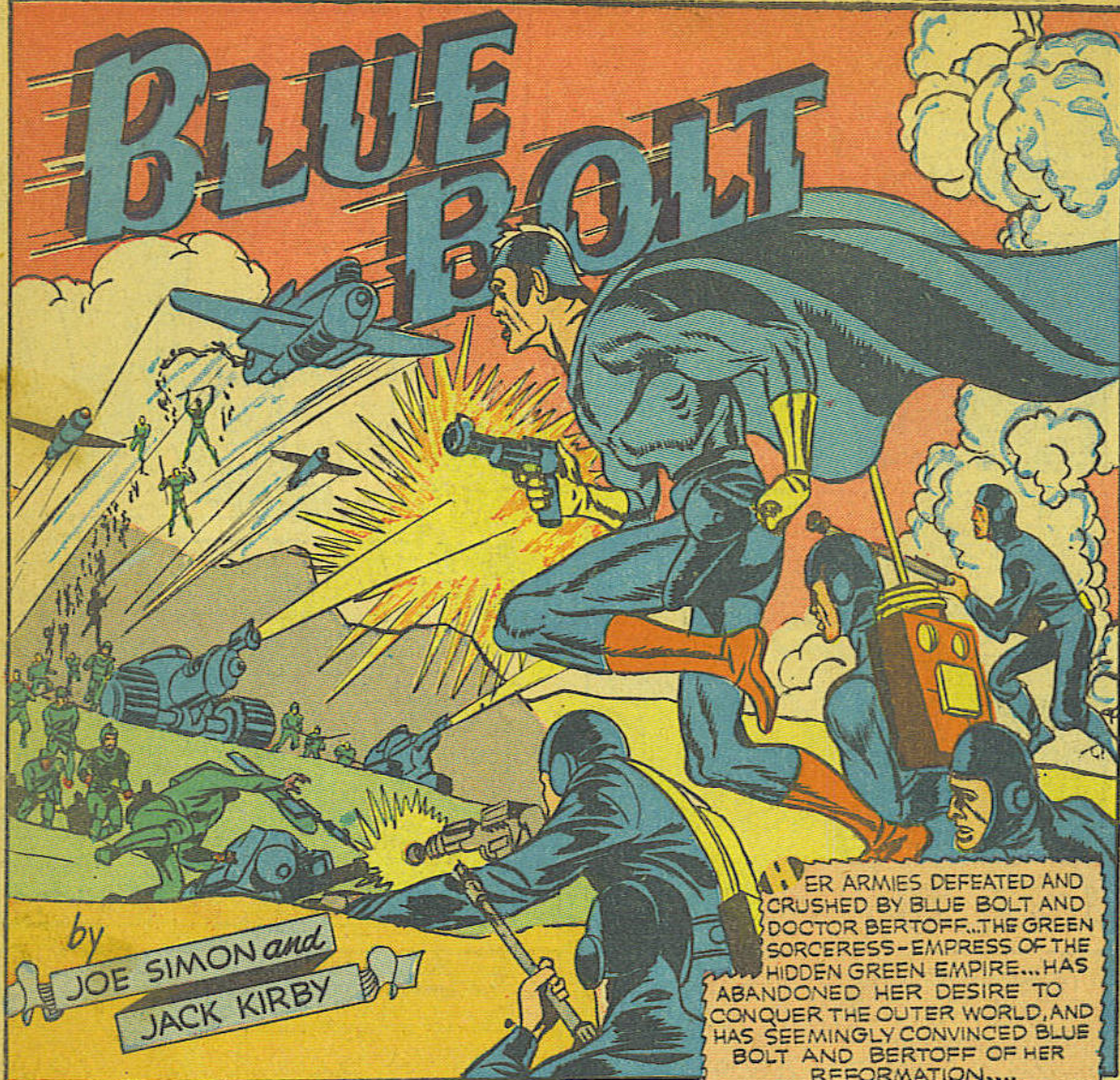
BLUE BOLT

SUB-ZERO MAN
SERGEANT SPOOK
DICK COLE

Vol. 1—No. 7



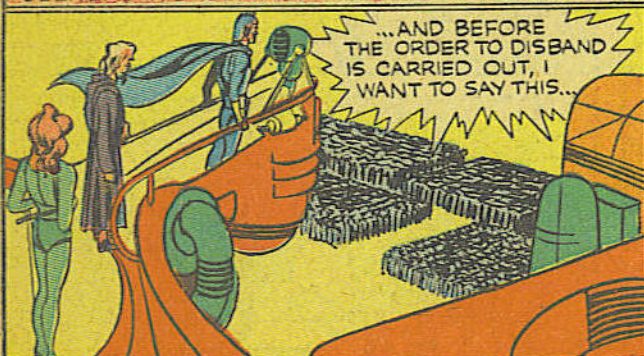
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by
**JOE SIMON and
JACK KIRBY**

HER ARMIES DEFEATED AND CRUSHED BY BLUE BOLT AND DOCTOR BERTOFF...THE GREEN SORCERESS-EMPERRESS OF THE HIDDEN GREEN EMPIRE...HAS ABANDONED HER DESIRE TO CONQUER THE OUTER WORLD, AND HAS SEEMINGLY CONVINCED BLUE BOLT AND BERTOFF OF HER REFORMATION....

BEING HOPELESSLY BEATEN AND ABANDONED BY ITS CAPTURED LEADER-ANOTHER INVASION BY THE GREEN ARMY IS HELD BY BLUE BOLT TO BE VERY UNLIKELY. MASSING HIS TROOPS IN A LARGE BODY...BLUE BOLT DELIVERS HIS DEMOBILIZATION ORDERS....



...AND BEFORE THE ORDER TO DISBAND IS CARRIED OUT, I WANT TO SAY THIS...

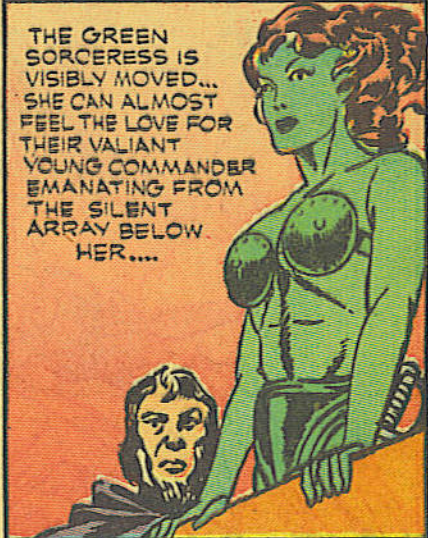
I WANT TO SAY THAT YOU'VE BEEN GOOD SOLDIERS IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD! YOU'VE FOUGHT BRAVELY...AND MANY OF YOUR COMRADES GLADLY GAVE THEIR LIVES SO THAT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WHO ARE IGNORANT OF YOUR EXISTENCE...AND WHO MAY NEVER KNOW OF YOUR VALOR...CAN PURSUE THEIR HAPPINESS AS FREE MEN!...AS YOUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, I CAN ONLY ADD THAT I'M PROUD TO HAVE LED SUCH A SUPERB BODY OF MEN!



BLUE BOLT'S WORDS SWEEP AMONG THE RANKS OF HIS FIGHTING FORCES LIKE AN EMOTIONAL TIDAL WAVE! BENEATH THE IMPASSIVE EXTERIOR OF EVERY BATTLE-SCARRED VETERAN AND RAW RECRUIT... LIES A DEEP SADNESS AS THE LAST ECHOES OF HIS STIRRING FAREWELL SLOWLY FADE OVER THE SILENT SEA OF RIGID, UNMOVING MEN...



THE GREEN SORCERESS IS VISIBLY MOVED... SHE CAN ALMOST FEEL THE LOVE FOR THEIR VALIANT YOUNG COMMANDER EMANATING FROM THE SILENT ARRAY BELOW HER....

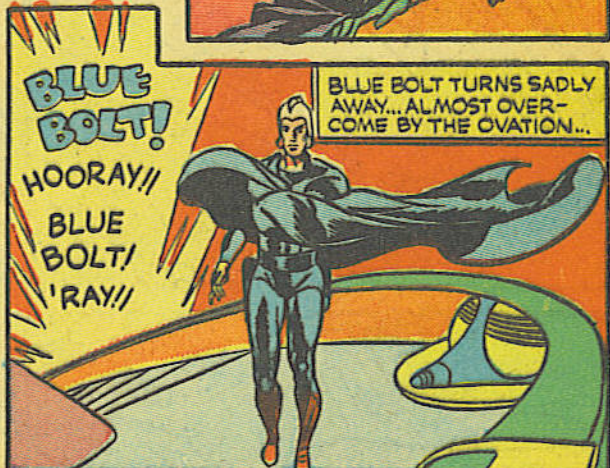


THE SILENCE IS SUDDENLY BROKEN BY A THUNDEROUS EAR-SPLITTING ROAR! THE ENTIRE CITY RESOUNDS WITH CHEERS AS A MILLION LOYAL THROATS GIVE VENT TO THEIR FEELINGS!



BLUE BOLT!
HOORAY!!
BLUE BOLT!
'RAY!!

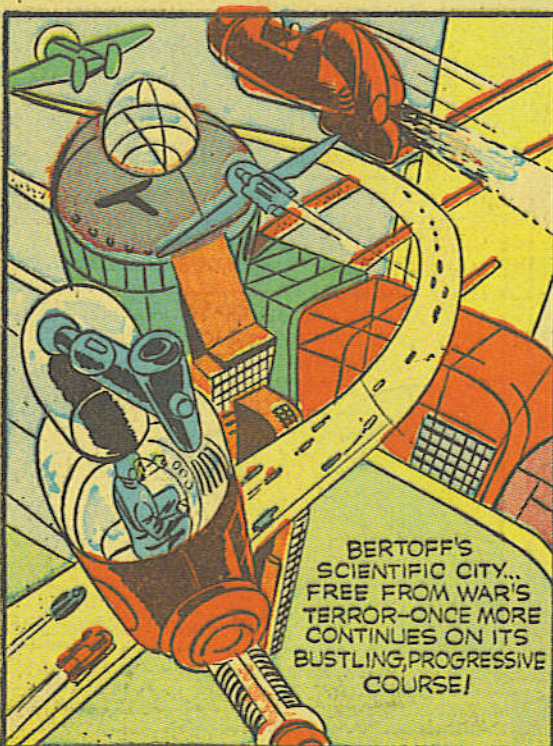
BLUE BOLT TURNS SADLY AWAY... ALMOST OVER-COME BY THE OVATION...



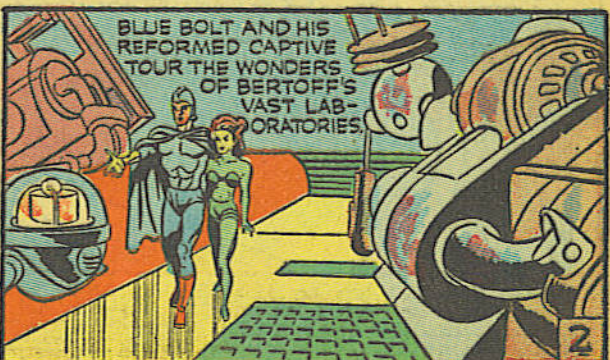
MEANWHILE... BERTOFF IS AGAIN FREE TO PURSUE HIS SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH... WHICH HE DOES WITH RENEWED VIGOR!

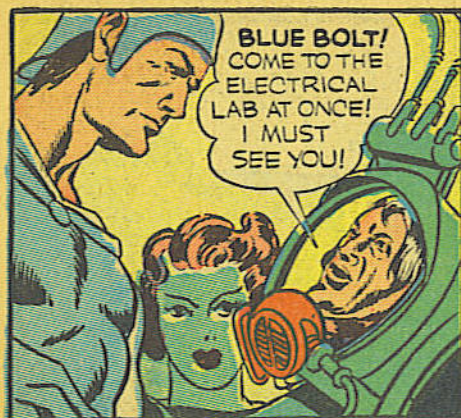


BERTOFF'S SCIENTIFIC CITY... FREE FROM WAR'S TERROR-ONCE MORE CONTINUES ON ITS BUSTLING, PROGRESSIVE COURSE!



BLUE BOLT AND HIS REFORMED CAPTIVE TOUR THE WONDERS OF BERTOFF'S VAST LABORATORIES.



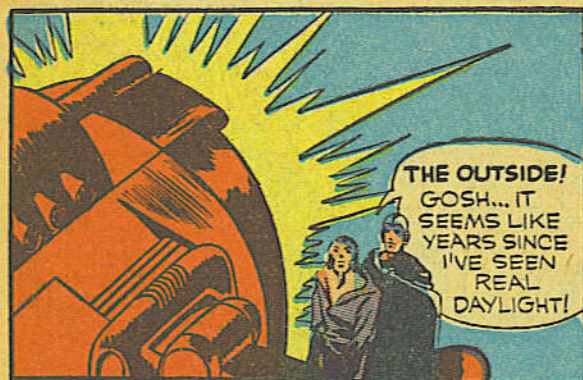


BLUE BOLT!
COME TO THE
ELECTRICAL
LAB AT ONCE!
I MUST
SEE YOU!

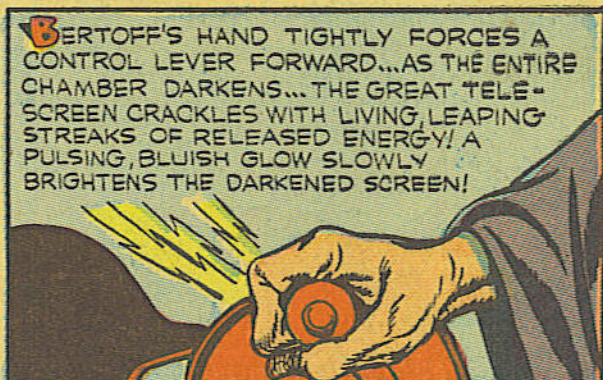


I'VE BROKEN THROUGH
THE RADIO-ACTIVE
FIELD BETWEEN OUR
INNER WORLD AND
THE OUTSIDE!

THAT'S GREAT, DOCTOR! IT
MEANS WE CAN ESTABLISH
CONTACT WITH THE
OUTER SURFACE!



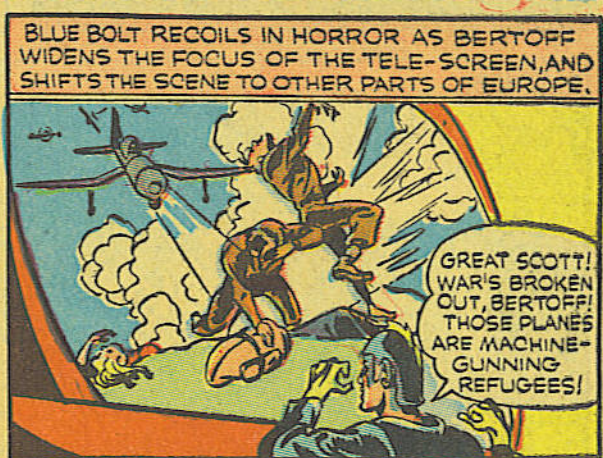
THE OUTSIDE!
GOSH... IT
SEEMS LIKE
YEARS SINCE
I'VE SEEN
REAL
DAYLIGHT!



BERTOFF'S HAND TIGHTLY FORCES A
CONTROL LEVER FORWARD...AS THE ENTIRE
CHAMBER DARKENS...THE GREAT TELE-
SCREEN CRACKLES WITH LIVING, LEAPING
STREAKS OF RELEASED ENERGY! A
PULSING, BLUISH GLOW SLOWLY
BRIGHTENS THE DARKENED SCREEN!



LOOK-BERTOFF!
THOSE MEN...
I'VE SEEN
THEM BEFORE!
WHY- THEY
ARE TWO
DICTATORS!

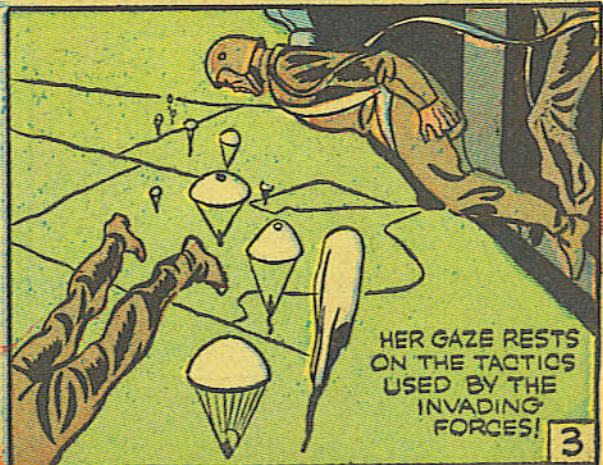


BLUE BOLT RECOILS IN HORROR AS BERTOFF
WIDENS THE FOCUS OF THE TELE- SCREEN, AND
SHIFTS THE SCENE TO OTHER PARTS OF EUROPE.

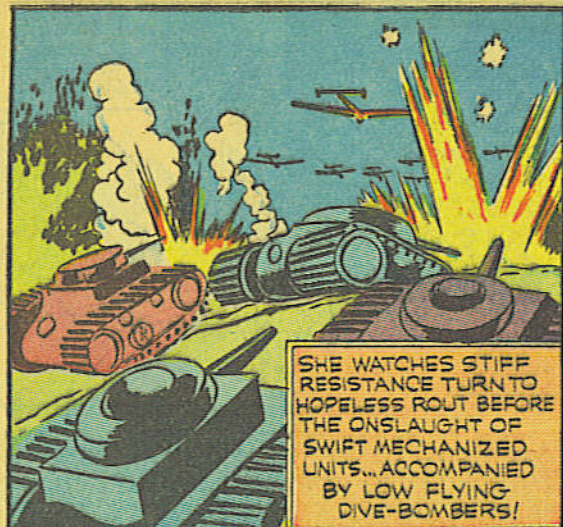
GREAT SCOTT!
WAR'S BROKEN
OUT, BERTOFF!
THOSE PLANES
ARE MACHINE-
GUNNING
REFUGEES!



FROM AFAR THE GREEN SORCERESS WATCHES
THE UNFOLDING DRAMA
OF MERCILESS WAR-
FARE...BUT IT IS
NOT THE SLAUGHTER
OF CIVILIANS THAT
HOLDS HER
INTEREST--

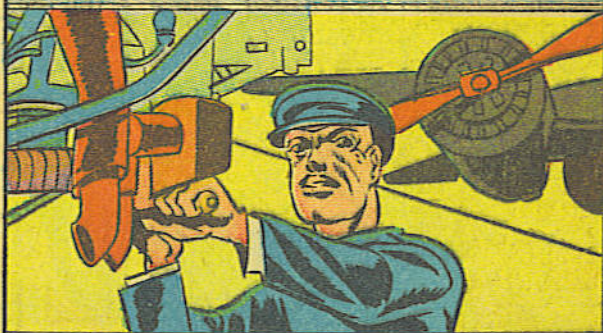


HER GAZE RESTS
ON THE TACTICS
USED BY THE
INVADING
FORCES!



SHE WATCHES STIFF RESISTANCE TURN TO HOPELESS ROUT BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF SWIFT MECHANIZED UNITS... ACCOMPANIED BY LOW FLYING DIVE-BOMBERS!

THE GREEN SORCESS STARES WITH RAPT ATTENTION AT THE INSIDIOUS MACHINATIONS OF THE DREADED FIFTH COLUMN....



CONQUERING HORDES STAMP TRIUMPHANTLY THROUGH CITIES DESERTED BY THEIR POPULATION, AND BETRAYED BY THEIR LEADERS...



MILITARY MEN AND OFFICIALS OF A DOZEN NATIONS ARE INVOLVED IN ITS INFAMOUS ACTIVITIES!

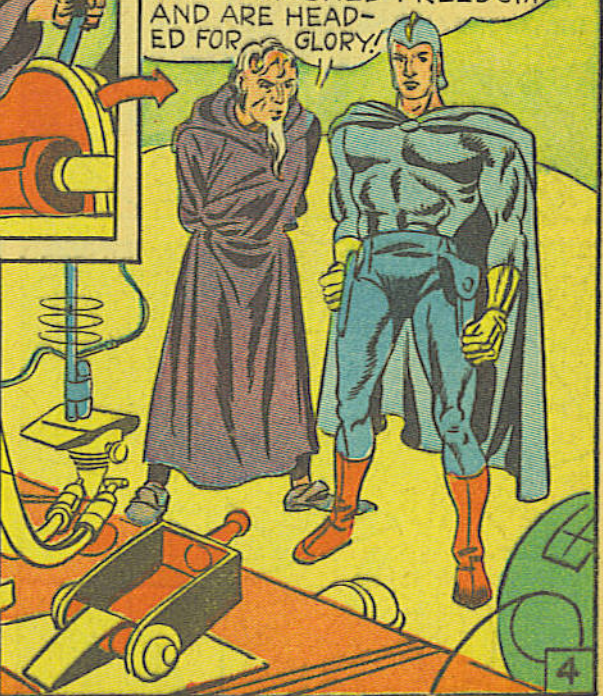


I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE OF THIS! I'M TURNING IT OFF!

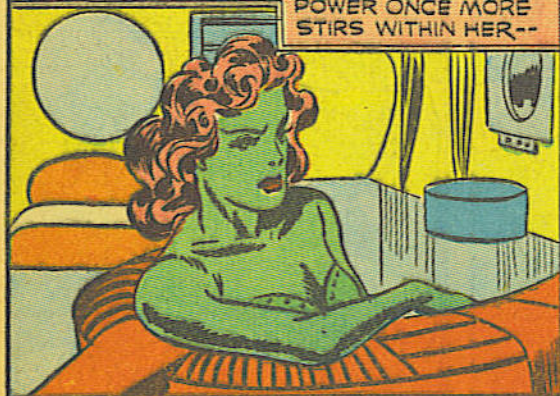
YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL, SON... IT'S NOT A PLEASANT SIGHT TO SEE FREE MEN MURDERED, BETRAYED AND ENSLAVED! BLOOD-MAD DICTATORS TROD SKULL-PAVED ROADS THINKING THEY HAVE CRUSHED FREEDOM AND ARE HEAD-ED FOR GLORY!



... BUT THEY'RE WRONG - BLUE BOLT! FREEDOM CAN NEVER BE CRUSHED PERMANENTLY! IT'S INDESTRUCTIBLE! IT ALWAYS RISES FROM ITS BATTERED STATE TO WAIT AT THE END OF THAT BLOODY ROAD AND ADMINISTER ITS OWN JUSTICE TO THE EGOTISTICAL FOOLS WHO SOUGHT TO DESTROY IT!



THE GREEN SORCERESS IS INDIFFERENT TO DOCTOR BERTOFF'S PHILOSOPHY...SHE FINDS THE BLITZKRIEG AN INTERESTING SUBJECT FOR THOUGHT...THE THIRST FOR POWER ONCE MORE STIRS WITHIN HER--



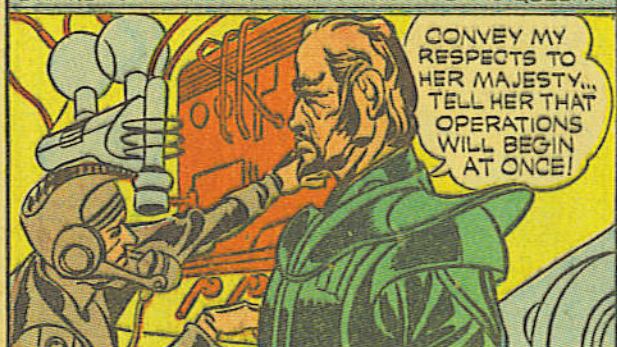
DOCTOR BERTOFF'S LITTLE DEMONSTRATION TODAY HAS BEEN MOST ENLIGHTENING...THIS DICTATOR'S FORMULA FOR CONQUEST HAS MANY INTRIGUING FEATURES! I WONDER IF ITS METHODS WOULD BRING THE SAME SUCCESSFUL RESULTS IF THEY WERE APPLIED TO THE...GREEN ARMY?



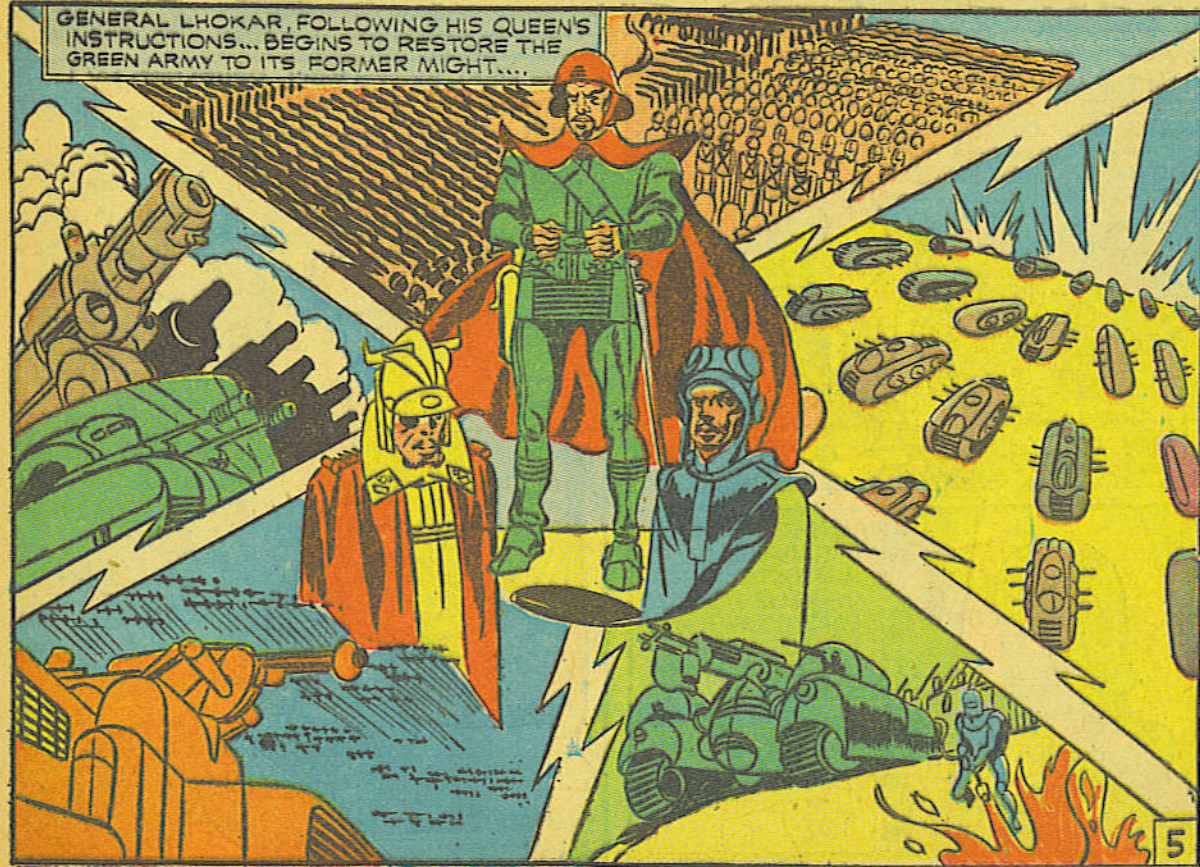
LATE THAT NIGHT--THE SORCERESS COMMUNICATES WITH GOVERNMENTAL HEADQUARTERS IN THE GREEN KINGDOM... VIA A SECRET MICRO-WAVE TRANSMITTER!

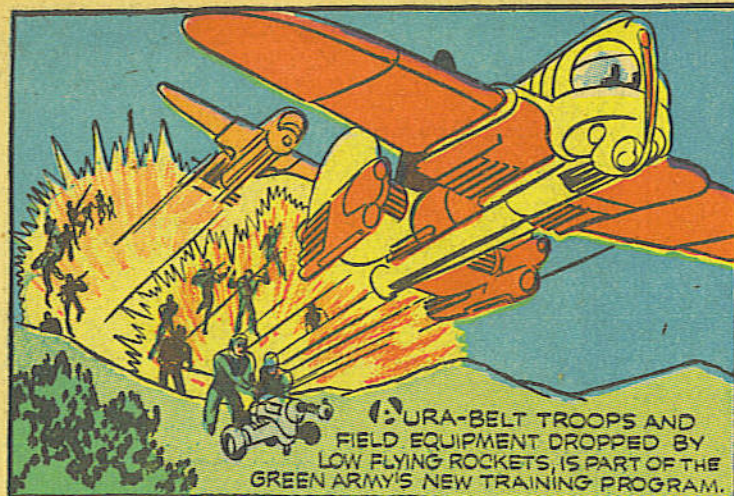


IN A COMMUNO-ROOM SOMEWHERE IN THE GREEN EMPIRE--GENERAL LHOKAR REPLIES TO HIS QUEEN.



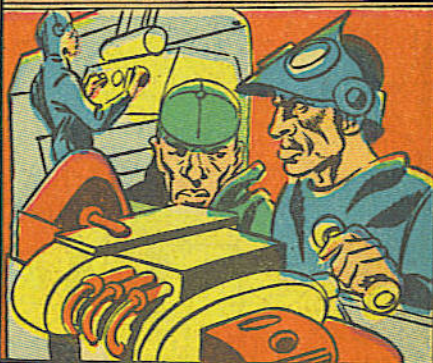
GENERAL LHOKAR, FOLLOWING HIS QUEEN'S INSTRUCTIONS... BEGINS TO RESTORE THE GREEN ARMY TO ITS FORMER MIGHT...





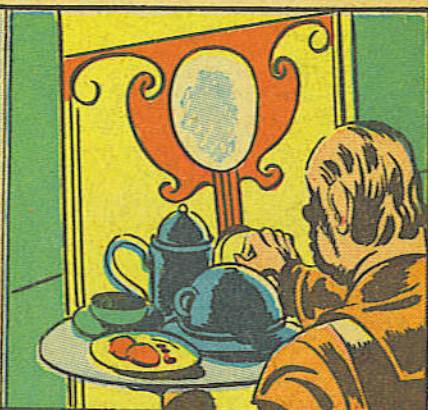
URA-BELT TROOPS AND FIELD EQUIPMENT DROPPED BY LOW FLYING ROCKETS, IS PART OF THE GREEN ARMY'S NEW TRAINING PROGRAM.

TRAINED AGENTS OF THE GREEN FIFTH COLUMN FILTER INTO THE SCIENTIFIC CITY'S KEY INDUSTRIES... WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL TO DISABLE ALL IMPORTANT INDUSTRIAL CENTERS!



EVEN BERTOFF'S LABORATORY STAFF IS NOT IMMUNE FROM PENETRATION!

THE GREEN SORCERESS-FEIGNING ILLNESS... ORDERS HER DINNER BROUGHT TO HER ASSIGNED ROOMS.



I'M THE NEW COOK, YOUR MAJESTY... I VENTURED TO BRING YOUR DINNER MYSELF! I'D APPRECIATE ANY WORTHY COMMENT ON MY HUMBLE ENDEAVORS!

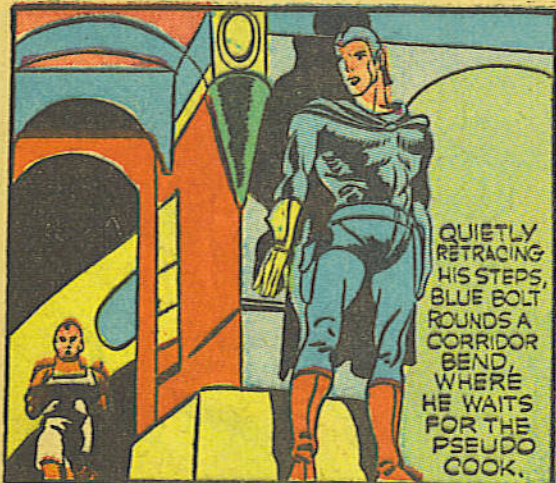
THE MEAL SEEMS WELL PREPARED, MY MAN... I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE... WHERE?

THANK YOU, HIGHNESS... COLONEL RHUX OF GREEN INTELLIGENCE! THE SIGNAL HAS BEEN GIVEN... WE ATTACK AT ONCE!



SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION REACH THE EARS OF BLUE BOLT... WHO STUMBLES UPON THE CONSPIRACY AS HE PAYS A VISIT TO THE SUPPOSEDLY AILING SORCERESS





QUIETLY
RETRACING
HIS STEPS,
BLUE BOLT
ROUNDS A
CORRIDOR
BEND, WHERE
HE WAITS
FOR THE
PSEUDO
COOK.



HIS STEELY ARM
SUDDENLY ENCIRCLES
THE PASSING COOK
AND CRUSHES HIM
INTO SILENCE...



THE SPY IS RUSHED
TO A PSYCHO-LAB,
WHERE HE IS PLACED
UNDER A MECHANICAL
BRAIN PROBER...



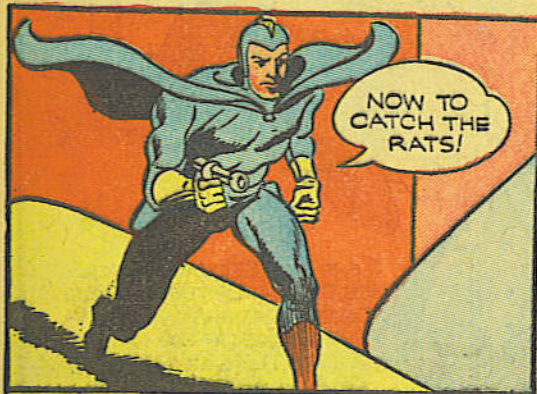
BLUE BOLT IS
STUNNED AS
THE ENTIRE
DIABOLICAL
PLAN IS
WRESTED FROM
THE SPY'S
SUBCONSCIOUS
MIND!



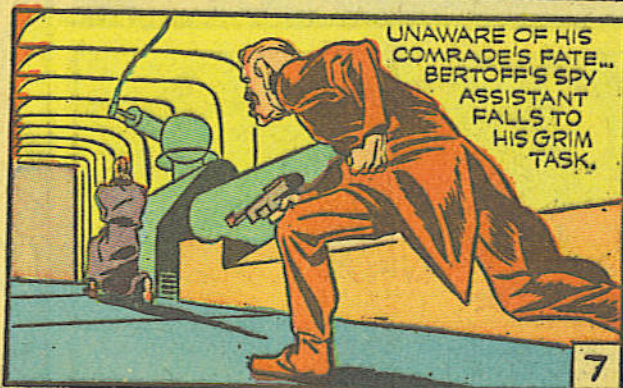
COUNTER-MEASURES ARE
SWIFTLY TAKEN...
HUNDREDS OF
GREEN AGENTS
ARE CAUGHT
IN THE
ACT OF
SABOTAGE!



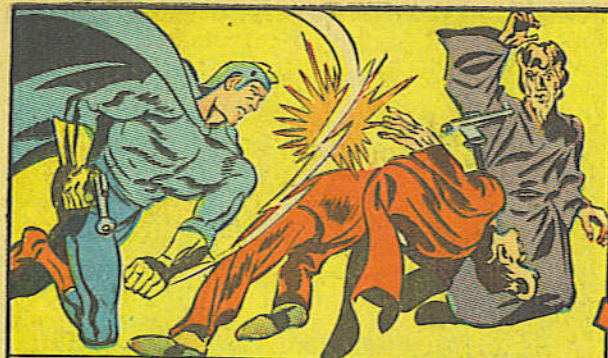
WE'VE CAUGHT ALL
THE MICE WITHOUT
WARNING THE
RATS!



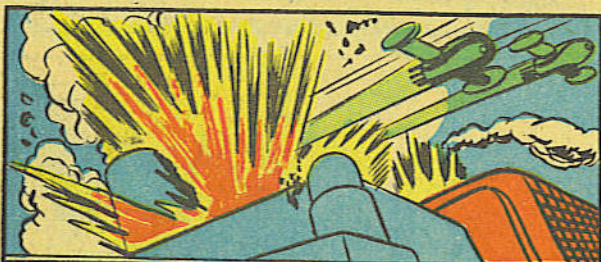
NOW TO
CATCH THE
RATS!



UNAWARE OF HIS
COMRADE'S FATE...
BERTOFF'S SPY
ASSISTANT
FALLS TO
HIS GRIM
TASK.



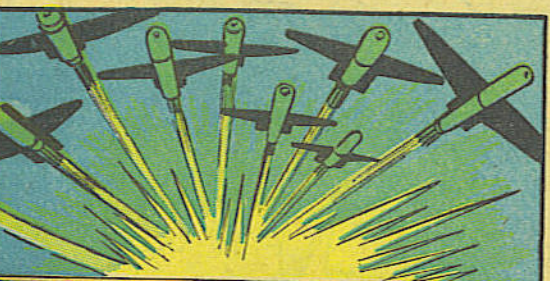
BUT THE CHIEF OF THE ENEMY AGENTS IS INTERCEPTED BY BLUE BOLT....



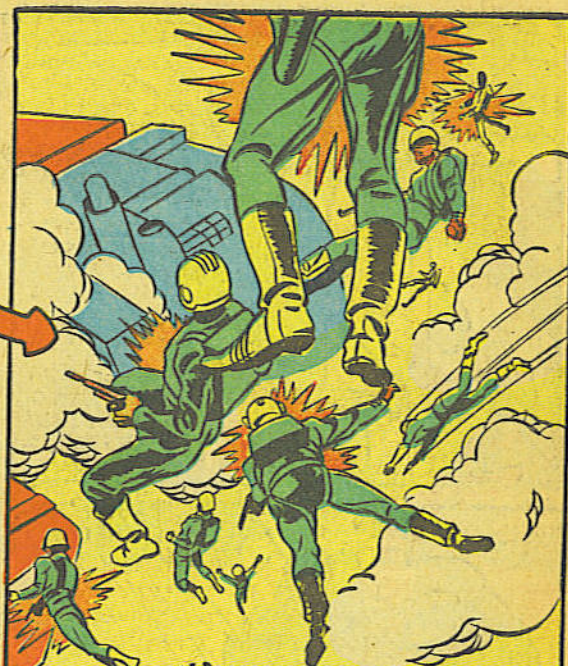
DEADLY SWARMS OF GREEN BOMBING ROCKETS RAIN DESTRUCTION ON THE CLUSTERED BUILDINGS BELOW THEM!



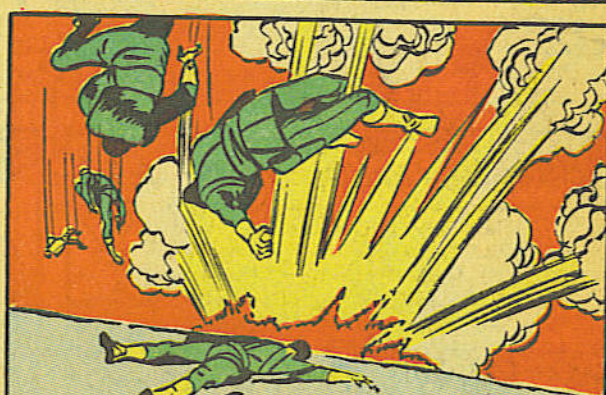
INSTEAD OF FINDING THE CITY RENDERED DEFENSELESS BY GREEN SPY ACTIVITIES—THE INVADERS ARE MET WITH A COUNTER-ATTACK THAT IS UNEQUALLED IN ITS FEROCITY!



BLUE BOLT'S ROCKET FORCE TEARS SKYWARD TO MEET THE INVADING AIR ARMADA!



MEANWHILE...THE GREEN BLITZKRIEG HAS BEGUN..... THOUSANDS OF AURA-BELT TROOPERS PLUNGE EARTHWARD TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE SCIENTIFIC CITY'S VITAL AREAS!

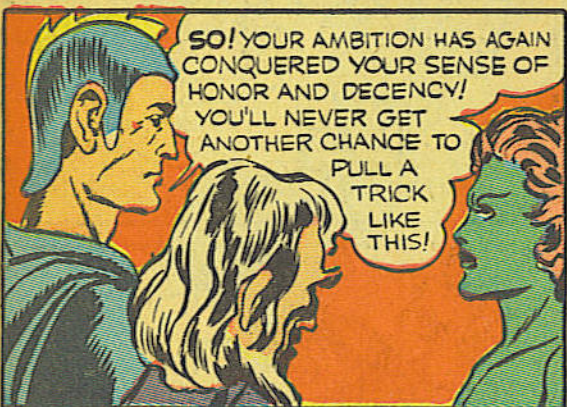
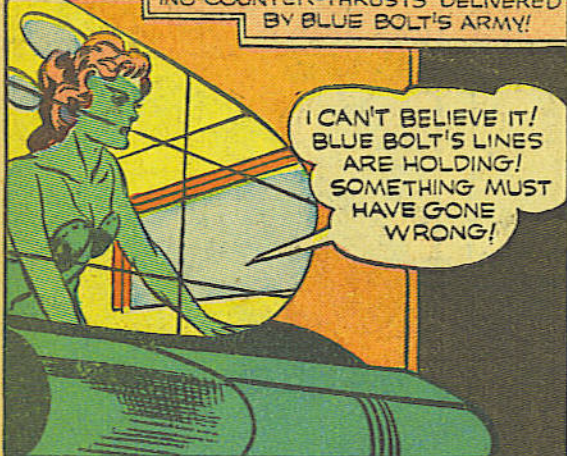


THE FURIOUS COUNTER-FIRE SWEEPS THE SKIES LIKE AN INVISIBLE SCYTHE... TAKING A HUGE TOLL IN THE RANKS OF THE DESCENDING AURA-BELT TROOPS!

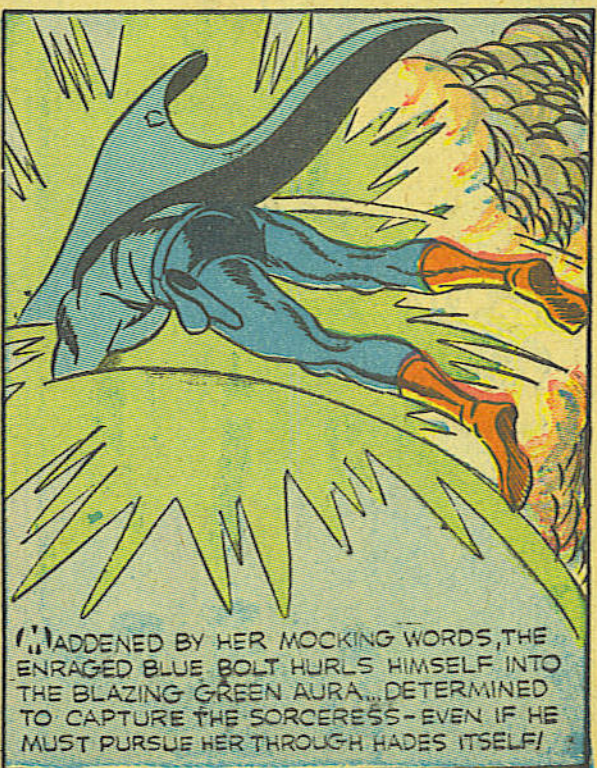


THE SKY BECOMES A VAST MELEE OF HURLING ROCKETS! DEATH IS EVERYWHERE... IN THE WHINE OF THE RAY GUN... AND IN THE OILY SMOKE TRAIL OF A FLAMING VICTIM!

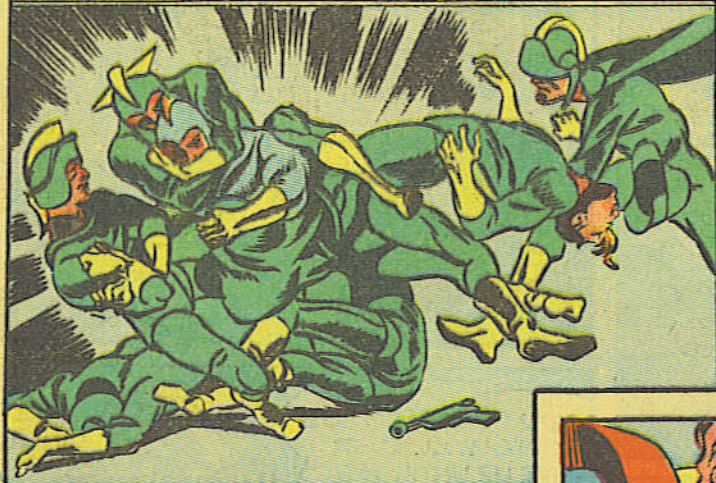
THE BATTLE FOR BERTOFF'S STRONGHOLD PROGRESSES WITH EVER-INCREASING VIOLENCE. THE SORCERESS IS ASTONISHED AT THE AMAZING COUNTER-THRUSTS DELIVERED BY BLUE BOLT'S ARMY!



SUDDENLY BERTOFF SHOUTS A WARNING AS THE FAMILIAR GREEN AURA APPEARS ONCE MORE...ITS WEIRD GLOW EMANATING FROM THE SORCERESS' LOVELY BODY WHICH GROWS HAZIER IN THE PULSING LIGHT!



BLUE BOLT EMERGES FROM THE GREEN AURA TO FIND HIMSELF THE VICTIM OF A SURPRISE AMBUSH BY AN ENTIRE COMPANY OF THE SORCERESS' ROYAL GUARD!



BLUE BOLT RECEIVES THE RAY'S FULL POWER! HIS BODY STIFFENS AND FALLS! HIS NERVE CENTERS ARE FROZEN AND UNABLE TO FUNCTION!



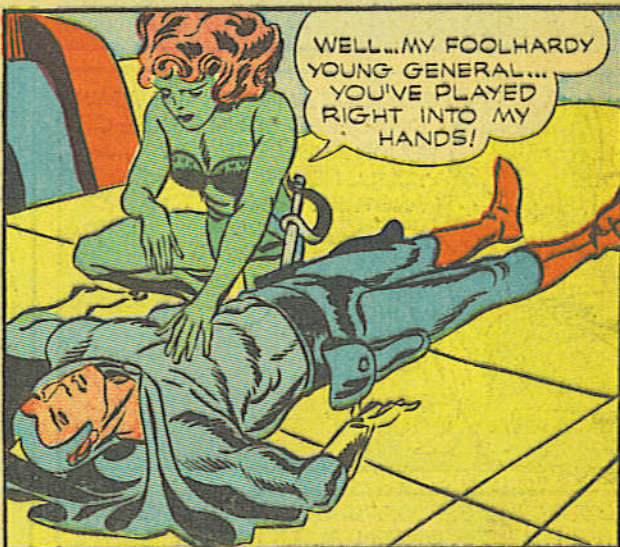
HIS BODY FROZEN TO THE RIGIDNESS OF A MARBLE STATUE...BLUE BOLT IS PLACED ON A PEDESTAL IN A STEEL REINFORCED ROOM! ARMED SENTRIES KEEP CONSTANT VIGIL OVER THEIR MOST VALUABLE CAPTIVE!



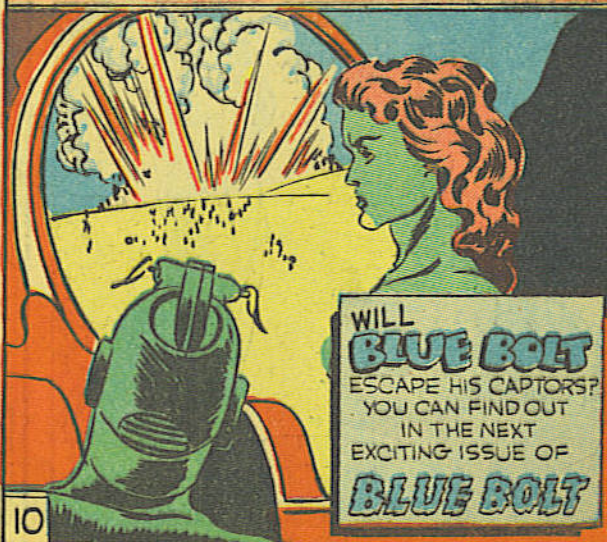
THEY CAN'T OVERPOWER HIM! USE THE PARALYZER GUN, CAPTAIN SARN...HE MUST BE SUBDUED!



WELL...MY FOOLHARDY YOUNG GENERAL... YOU'VE PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!



THE GREEN SORCERESS' MOMENT IS SHORT-LIVED HOWEVER-AS THE TELEVISOR REVEALS THE SHATTERED REMNANTS OF HER ONCE PROUD ARMY FLEEING BEFORE BLUE BOLT'S VICTORIOUS FORCES....



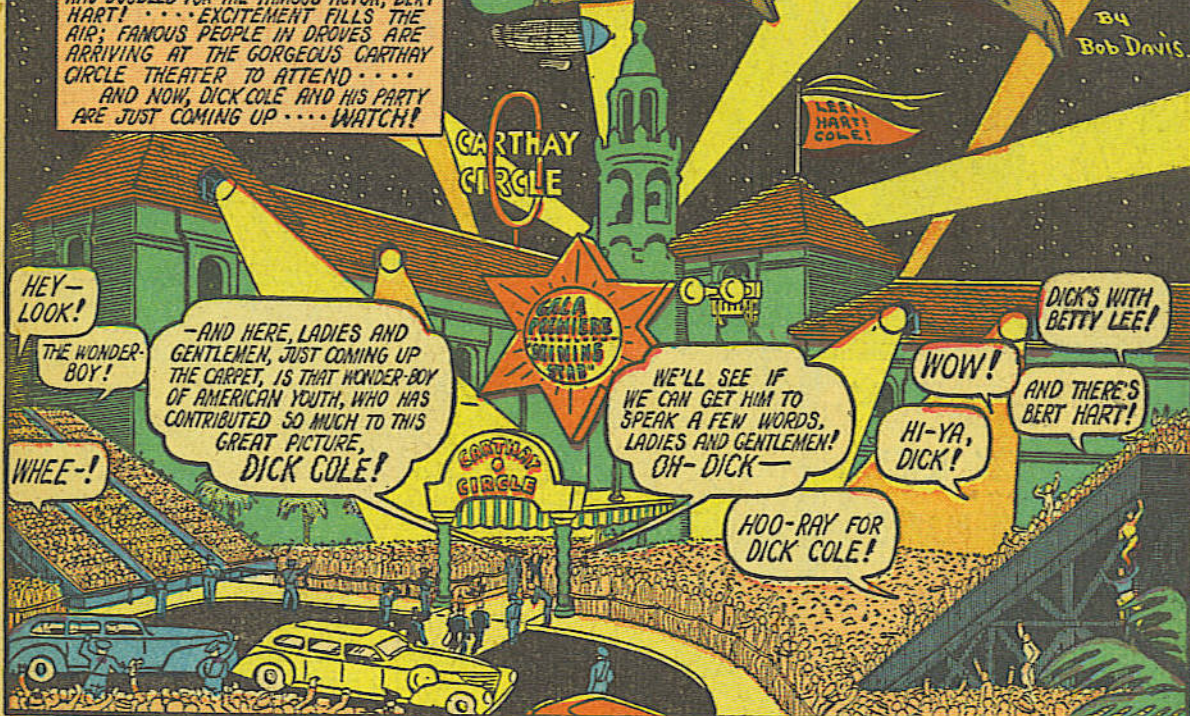
WILL BLUE BOLT
ESCAPE HIS CAPTORS?
YOU CAN FIND OUT
IN THE NEXT
EXCITING ISSUE OF
BLUE BOLT

DICK COLE

WONDER-BOY!

HOLLYWOOD! IT IS THE PREMIERE OF THE PICTURE, "SHINING STAR," IN WHICH DICK HAS DOUBLED FOR THE FAMOUS ACTOR, BERT HART! ... EXCITEMENT FILLS THE AIR; FAMOUS PEOPLE IN DROVES ARE ARRIVING AT THE GORGEOUS CARTHAY CIRCLE THEATER TO ATTEND ... AND NOW, DICK COLE AND HIS PARTY ARE JUST COMING UP ... WATCH!

BY
Bob Davis.



HEY-
LOOK!

THE WONDER-
BOY!

-AND HERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, JUST COMING UP THE CARPET, IS THAT WONDER-BOY OF AMERICAN YOUTH, WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED SO MUCH TO THIS GREAT PICTURE,
DICK COLE!

WHEE-!

WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN GET HIM TO SPEAK A FEW WORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
OH- DICK-

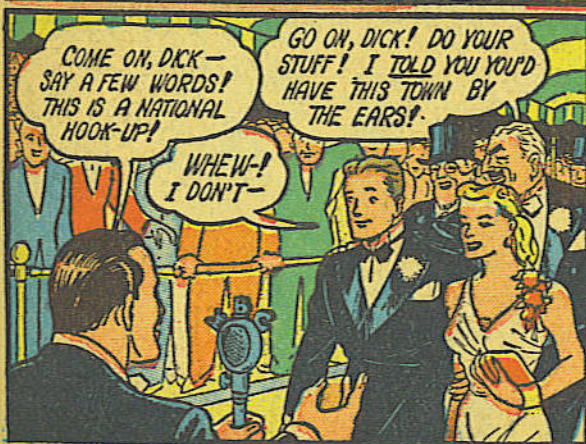
WOW!

HI-YA,
DICK!

DICK'S WITH
BETTY LEE!

AND THERE'S
BERT HART!

HOO-RAY FOR
DICK COLE!



COME ON, DICK - SAY A FEW WORDS! THIS IS A NATIONAL HOOK-UP!

WHEW!
I DON'T-

GO ON, DICK! DO YOUR STUFF! I TOLD YOU YOU'D HAVE THIS TOWN BY THE EARS!



G'WAN, KID - SAY HELLO TO YOUR PAIS AT FARR!

GO AHEAD, DICK!

HELLO, FELLAS-AND EVERYBODY. HOLLYWOOD IS QUITE A PLACE, AND I'VE ENJOYED IT ... SEE YOU ALL SOON AT FARR!

'RAY-
FOR DICK COLE!

AS THEY ENTER THE GLITTERING, STAR-STUDDED THEATER — DICK, BETTY LEE, DIRECTOR MALCOLM, PROFESSOR BLAIR, AND BERT HART — THEY ARE GAY AND HAPPY; LITTLE AWARE THAT A CRUEL AND BITTER DANGER LURKS READY TO STRIKE INTO THEIR MIDST !!!!!



ISN'T THAT THE WONDER BOY?
-DICK COLE?

HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE
A SWELL KID, TOO —
-BUT REGULAR- Y'KNOW?

THEY SAY HE COULD
BE A STAR IF HE DIDN'T
LOOK SO MUCH LIKE HART.

THEY SAY HE'S
WONDERFUL IN
THIS PICTURE!

HE SURE LOOKS
LIKE BERT HART!

-WONDER IF THEY'RE JEALOUS
OF EACH OTHER?

HELLO,
JIMMY!

HI, MAL!

NAW-THEY'RE
PALS!

HERE WE
ARE, BETTY.

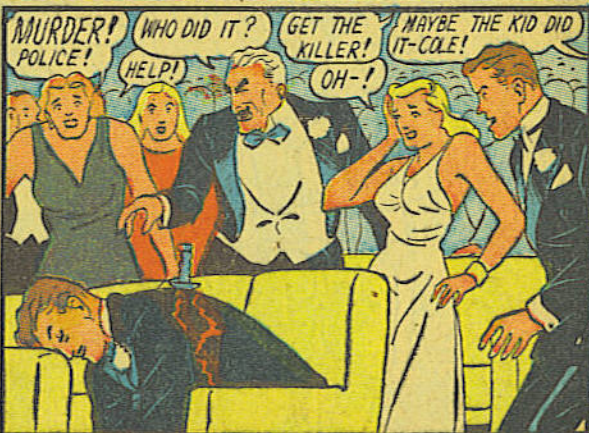
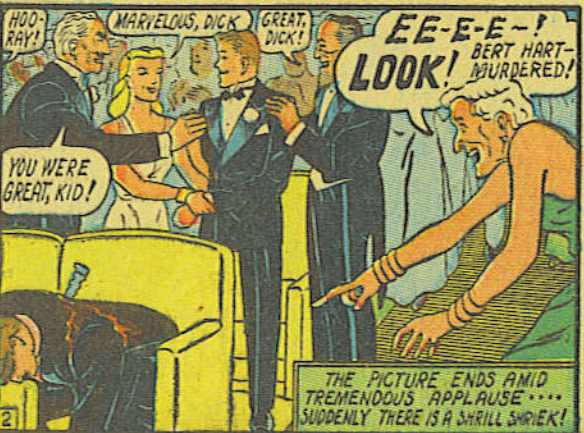
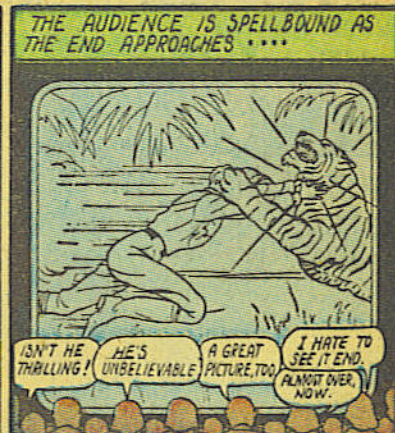
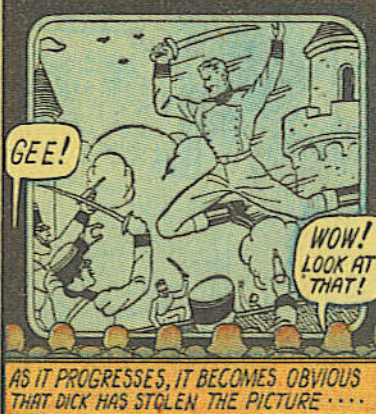
LOOK! THERE'S
DICK COLE

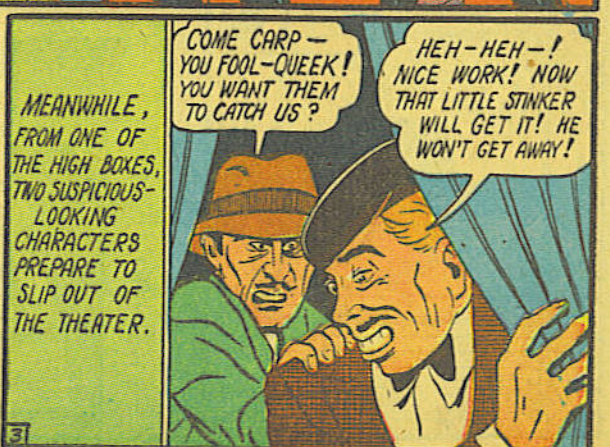
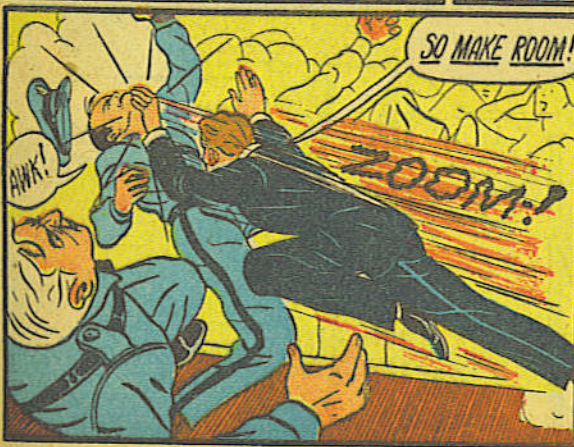
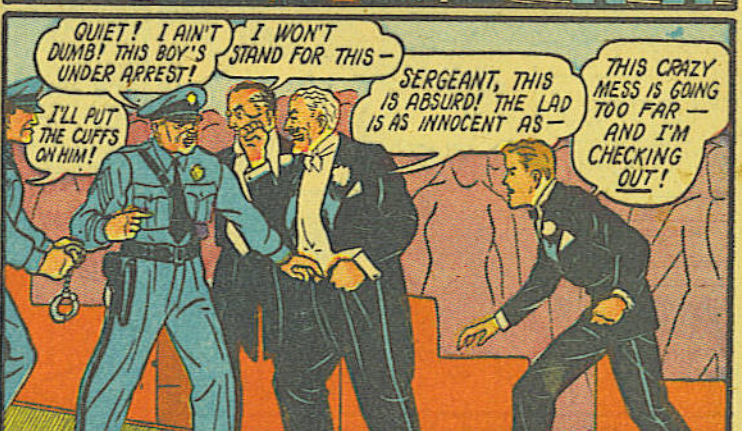
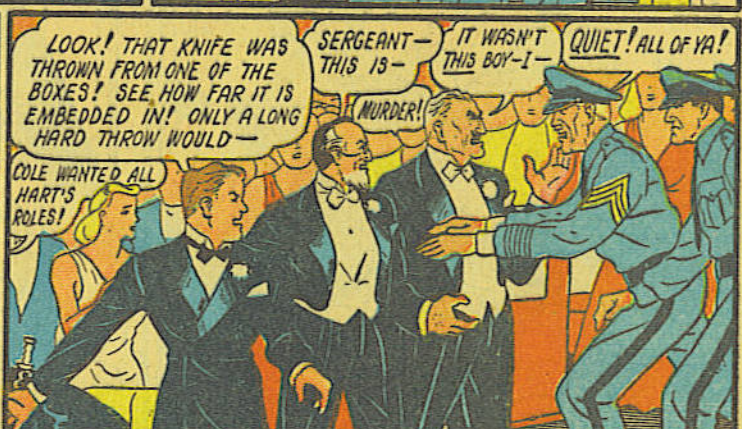
HI-DICK!

SHE'S VERY
PRETTY.

YOU'RE GETTING
QUITE FAMOUS,
DICK —

AT LAST THE PICTURE STARTS





ELUDING THE HUNGRY CLAWS OF THE POLICE, DICK LEAPS UP INTO ONE OF THE BOXES —

EE-OW!

EXCUSE ME, FOLKS —

THEN SWOOPS DOWN ONTO THE STAGE.

GANG-WAY!

HERE HE COMES!

GRAB HIM!

HE BREAKS INTO A FAST RUN —

OOPS!

GRASPS A TIE-ROPE, AND SWOOPS UP TO A HIGH CAT-WALK OVER THE CURTAIN.

-LOST HIM!

HOLY CATS - HE IS A WONDER-BOY!

THEY'RE NOT GOING TO BOOK ME FOR MURDER!

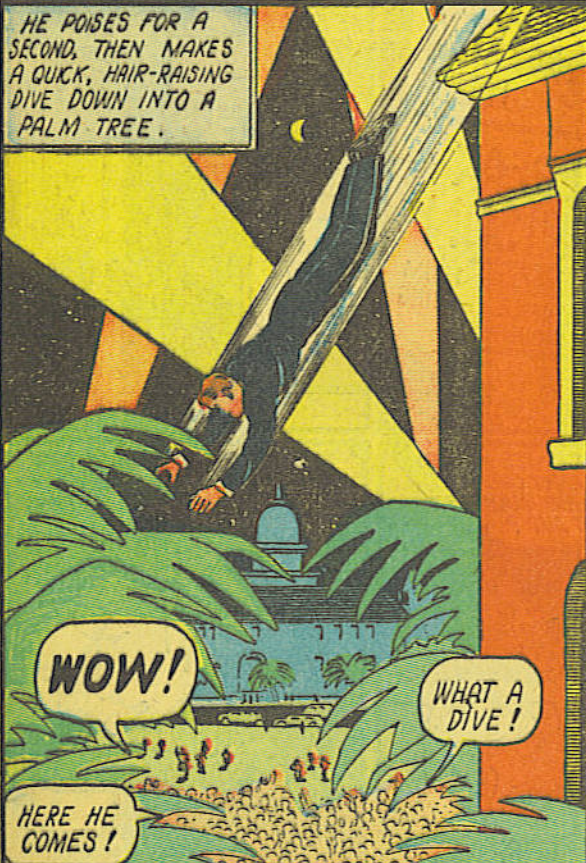
AH - A SKYLIGHT!

GAINING THE ROOF, HE LOOKS OVER.

WHEN - WHAT A BLOODTHIRSTY MOB!

THERE HE IS!
SHOOT HIM!
ON THE ROOF!

HE POISES FOR A SECOND, THEN MAKES A QUICK, HAIR-RAISING DIVE DOWN INTO A PALM TREE.

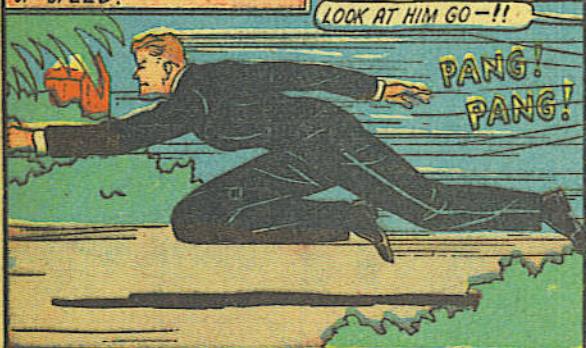


WOW!

WHAT A DIVE!

HERE HE COMES!

ONCE IN THE CLEAR, DICK BREAKS INTO A SUPER BURST OF SPEED!



THAT'S THE END OF HIM!
NOBODY COULD CATCH HIM NOW!
LOOK AT HIM GO—!!

PANG!
PANG!



DID HE LAND?

HE MUST HAVE!

WHERE IS HE?

WITH APE-LIKE DEXTERITY, HE SWINGS FROM TREE TO TREE TOWARD THE OUTER EDGE OF THE CROWD.

GAINING IT, HE DROPS TO THE GROUND!

HEY! THERE HE IS!

GET HIM—!
POLICE!



WHEW—! WHAT A BUSINESS! AND HOW FICKLE A HOLLYWOOD MOB!

ONE MINUTE GLORY—THE NEXT, A CRY FOR BLOOD! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO OLD FARR!

POOR DAD. HE'LL BE WORRIED STIFF! I MUST GET BUSY—



LATER,
COLD, WET,
HUNTED LIKE
A CRIMINAL,
DICK SNEAKS
BACK INTO
THE CITY
OF LOS
ANGELES.



IF CARP MY ONE ENEMY OUT HERE, WEREN'T I IN JAIL, I'D SAY THAT KNIFE WAS MEANT FOR ME—NOT HART!

SUDDENLY A SMALL, SHRILL VOICE AT THE END OF THE STREET ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION.

THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING!

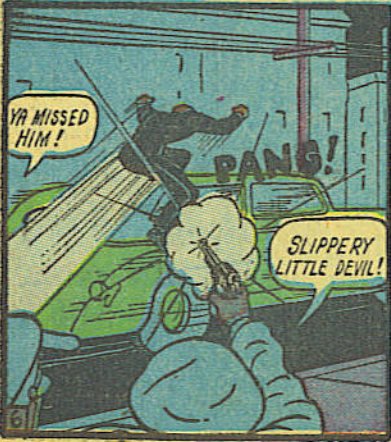
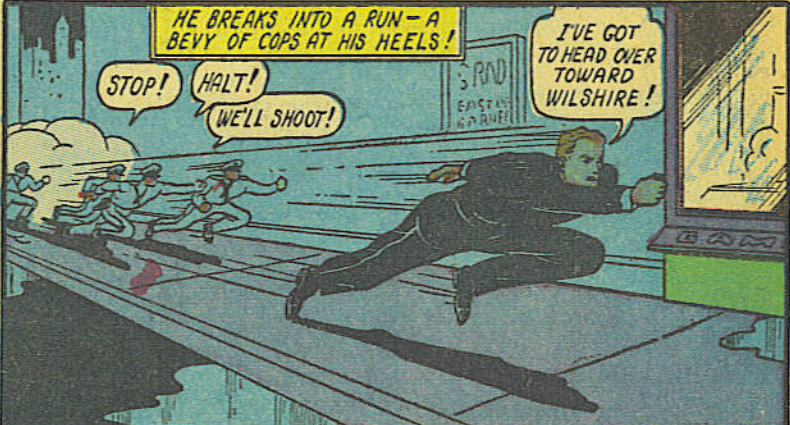
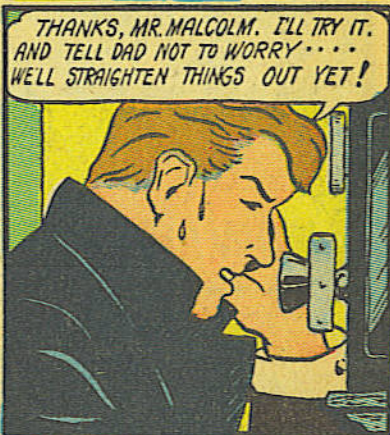


EXTRA! EXTRA!
READ ALL ABOUT DARING JAIL BREAK!

LET ME HAVE ONE OF THOSE PAPERS, PAL.

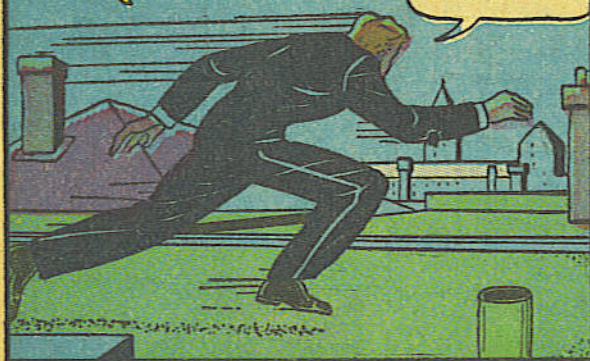
EXTRA!
EXTRA!
—OKAY, MISTER!





-AND RACES ACROSS TOWN.

BOY - THAT
WAS CLOSE!



AH - HERE
IT IS - LOMA
APARTMENTS!



NOW LET'S SEE - MISS MAY
DOYLE - SUITE 55 -



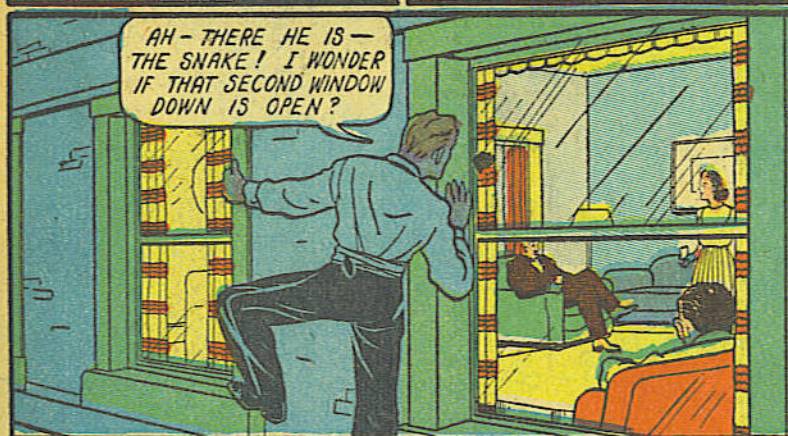
HM-M-SHES ON THE FIFTH
FLOOR, AND SHE'S IN. THERE'S
A LIGHT NO
FIRE-ESCAPE -



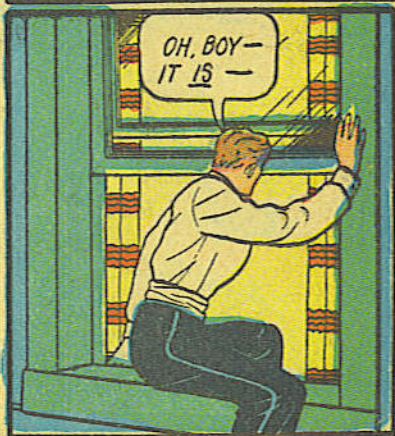
I'LL HAVE
TO SCALE
THE DARN
PLACE -



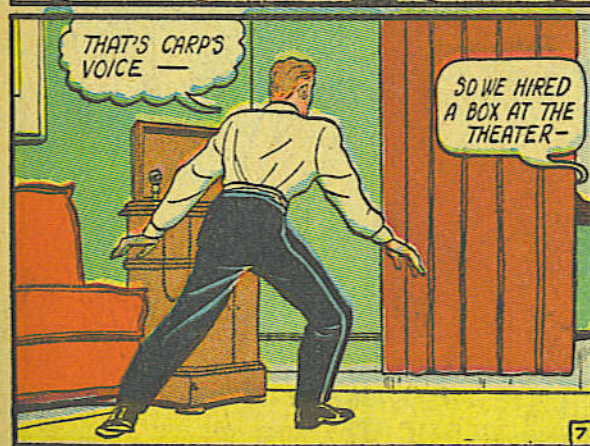
AH - THERE HE IS -
THE SNAKE! I WONDER
IF THAT SECOND WINDOW
DOWN IS OPEN?



OH, BOY -
IT IS -

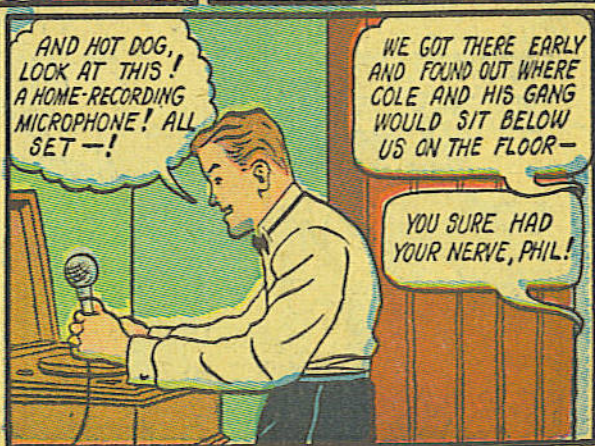


THAT'S CARP'S
VOICE -



SO WE HIRED
A BOX AT THE
THEATER -

AND HOT DOG,
LOOK AT THIS!
A HOME-RECORDING
MICROPHONE! ALL
SET -!



WE GOT THERE EARLY
AND FOUND OUT WHERE
COLE AND HIS GANG
WOULD SIT BELOW
US ON THE FLOOR -

YOU SURE HAD
YOUR NERVE, PHIL!

FINDING A NEW RECORD, DICK STARTS TO RECORD CARP'S VOICE



- SAW COLE AND HART, AND ALL COME IN AND SIT DOWN. MIKE, HERE, WHO IS A KNIFE-THROWER, GOT HIS RANGE BEFORE THE LIGHTS WENT DOWN ... THEN I TOLD HIM WHEN TO TOSS, AND HE DID. BUT COLE MUST HAVE BENT DOWN JUST THEN BECAUSE THE SHIV MISSED HIM.



AND NAILED HART, EH?

BOY- IS THIS HOT!

HEY!



A NOISE -! SOMEBODY'S IN THERE!!

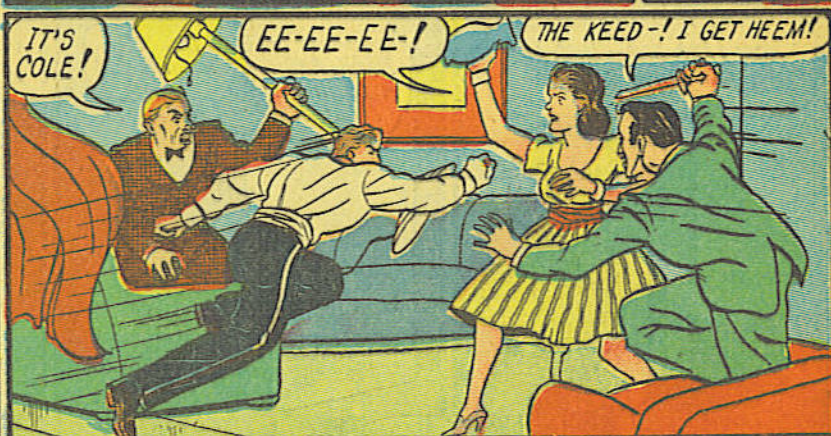
TIME FOR ACTION!



IT'S COLE!

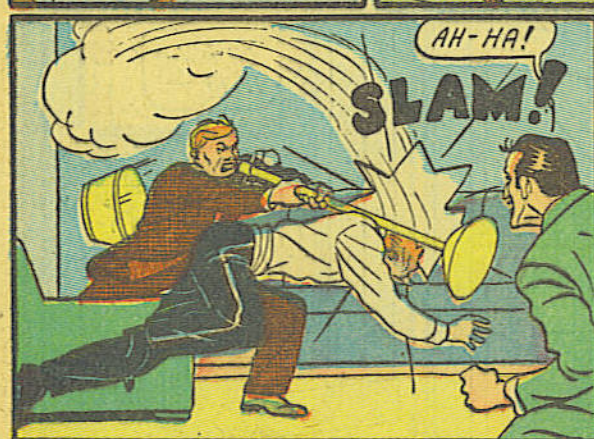
EE-EE-EE-!

THE KEED-! I GET HEEM!



AH-HA!

SLAM!



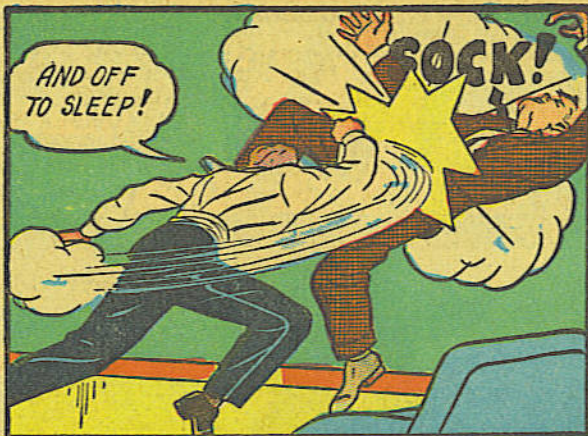
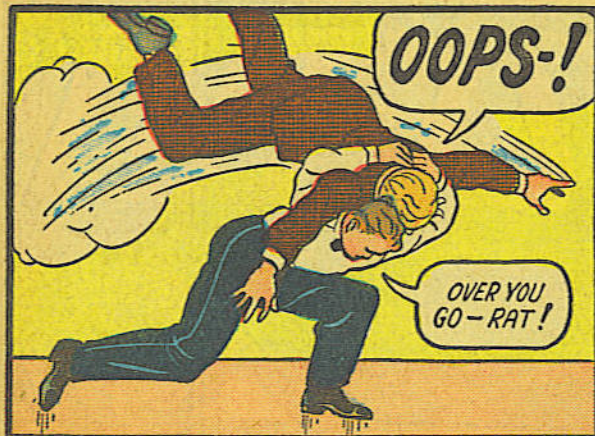
YOU WILL - IN A PIG'S EAR-!

SOCK!



LITTLE SQUIRT-! WE'LL FINISH YOU THIS TIME- FOR GOOD!

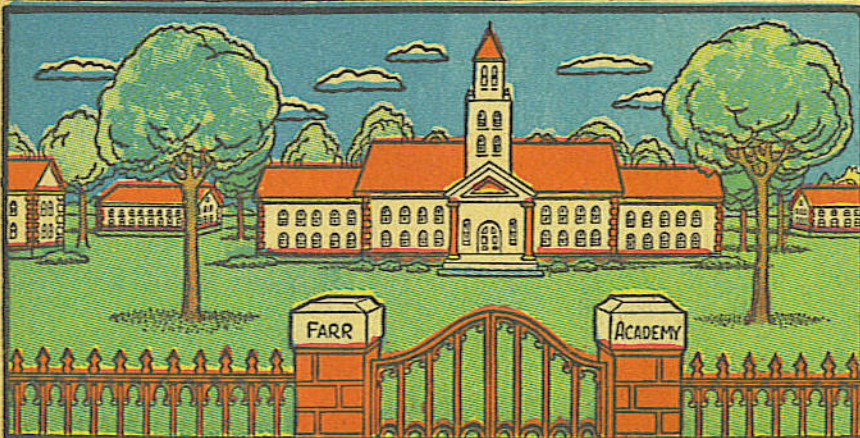




ONE HOUR LATER, DICK ENTERS THE DOWNTOWN POLICE HEADQUARTERS, HIS PRISONERS IN TOW -

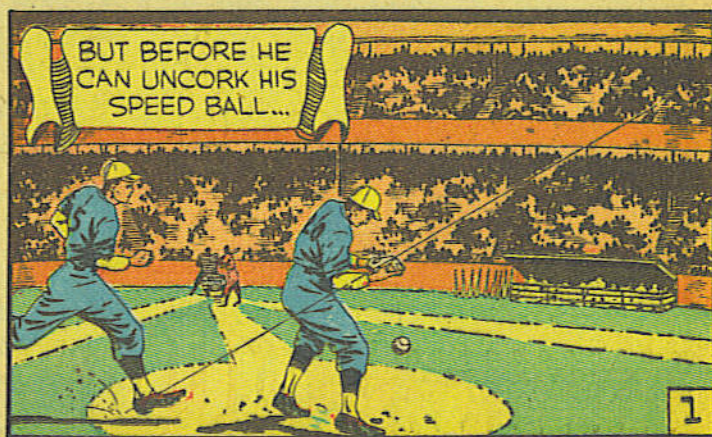
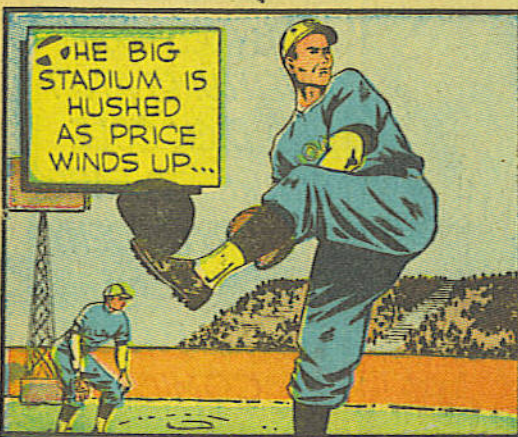
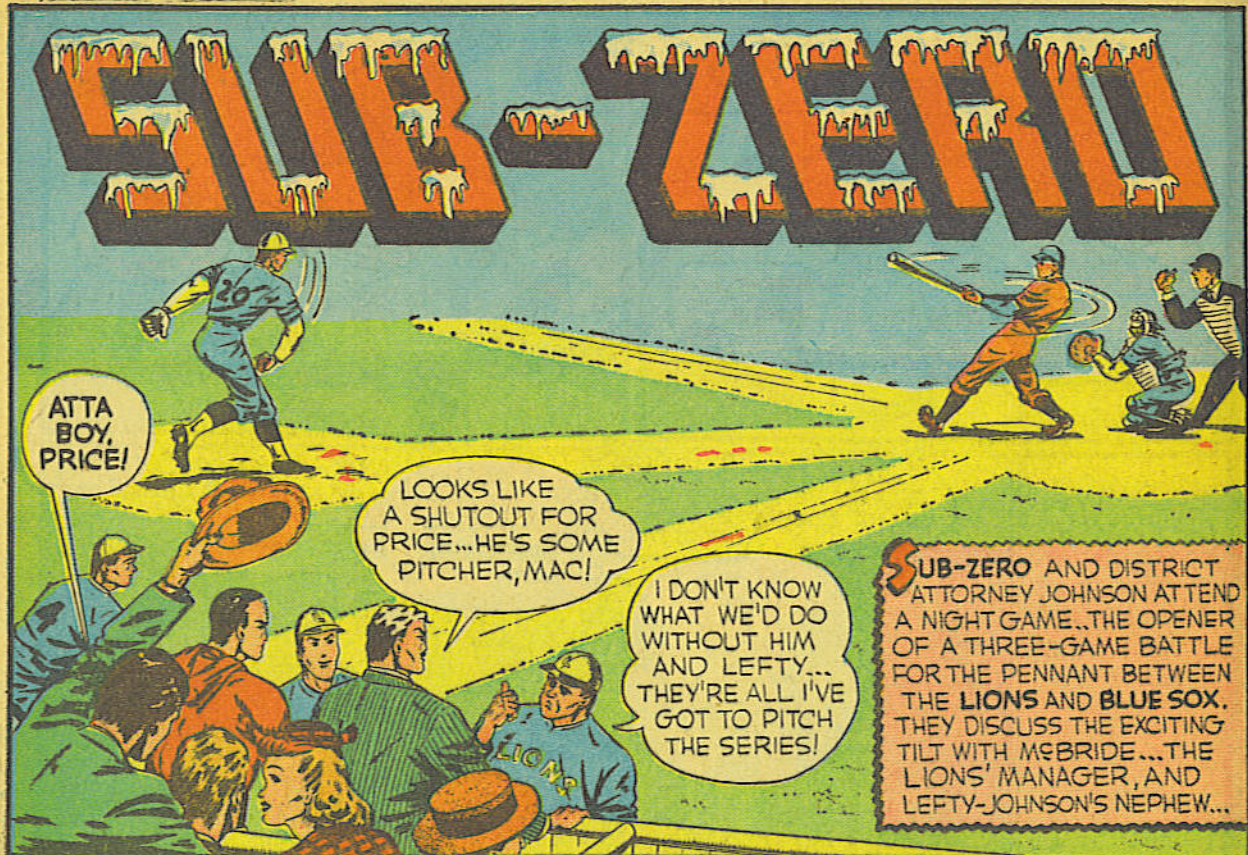


AND SO DICK'S HOLLYWOOD EXPERIENCES COME TO A CLOSE ... THE NEXT MORNING FINDS HIM WITH PROFESSOR BLAIR, HIS GUARDIAN, AT THE STATION ABOUT TO ENTRAIN FOR THE EAST, AND FARR ACADEMY. THE GANG ARE ALL HERE TO SEE THEM OFF ...



HIS HOLLYWOOD ADVENTURES AT AN END, DICK COLE RETURNS TO FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF...

BLUE BOLT COMICS.



WHILE THE STUNNED CROWD STARES AT THE WOUNDED PITCHER, SUB-ZERO SPOTS A MAN WITH A HIGH-POWERED AIR RIFLE...



THE MAN WITH THE GUN WHIRLS AND FIRES AT SUB-ZERO!



BUT SUB-ZERO FREEZES THE DEADLY SLUG IN MID-AIR...

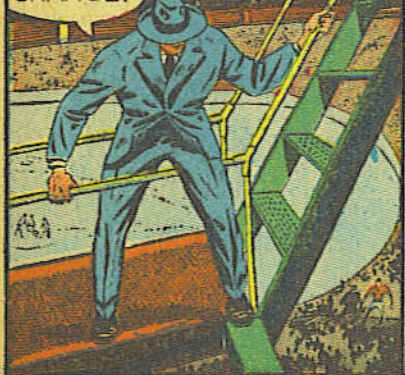


PART OF THE COLD BLAST GOES ASTRAY...



THE FUGITIVE RACES THROUGH DARKNESS ALONG A RAMP TO THE UPPER STAND, THEN DARTS TOWARD A REAR STAIRWAY...

HERE'S MY CHANCE!

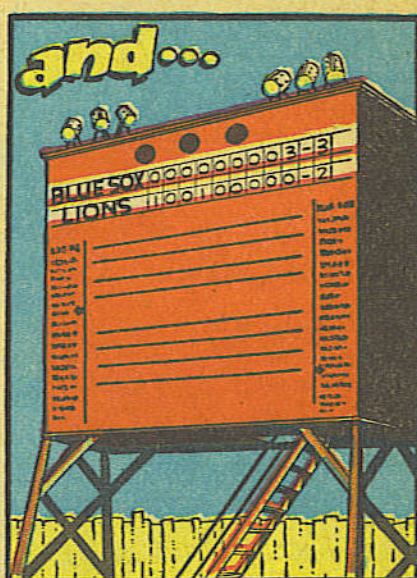
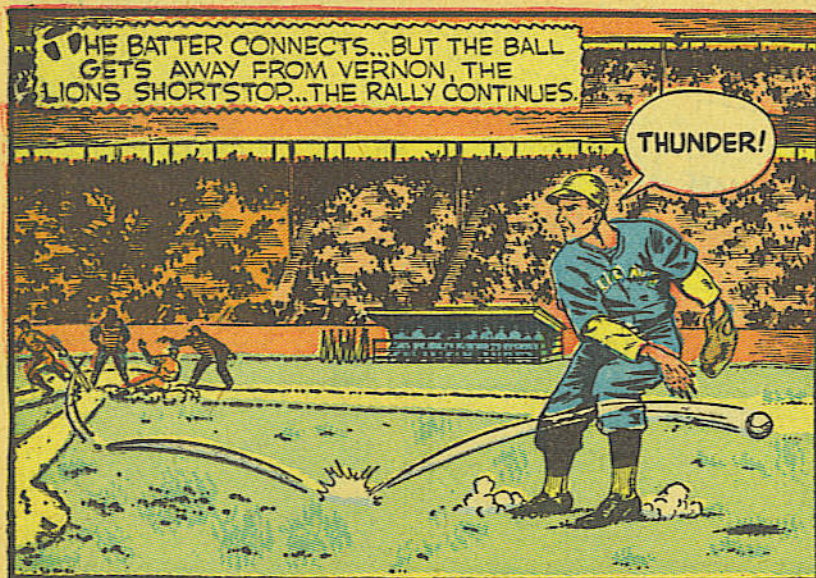


THE COP WITHHOLDS HIS FIRE FOR FEAR OF ENDANGERING THE CROWD...



THE SHARPSHOOTER PLUNGES TO HIS DEATH!





SUSPECTING HE IS BEING SOUGHT BY THE GAMBLING MOB, SUB-ZERO GETS A GRANDSTAND SEAT NEXT DAY...

THEY'LL HAVE TROUBLE FINDING ME HERE!



LEFTY PUTS EVERYTHING HE HAS ON THE BALL...

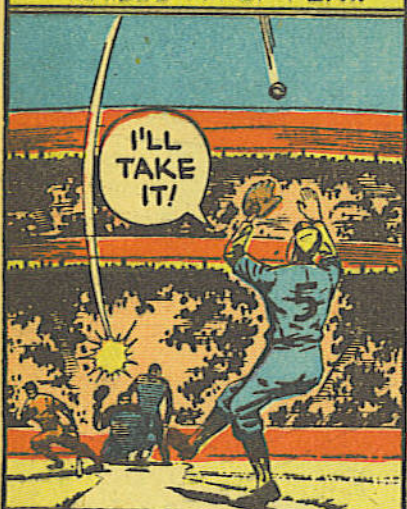


HERE'S THE WINDUP...THE PITCH...AND IT'S STRIKE TWO! LOOKS LIKE A PITCHERS' BATTLE, FANS... AND WHAT A BATTLE!



A BLUE SOX BATTER RAISES A POP FLY...

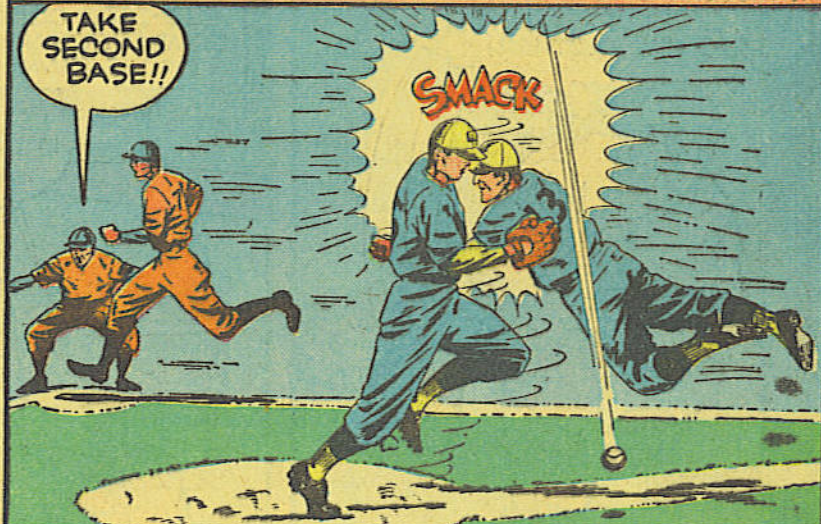
I'LL TAKE IT!



... BUT, UNHEEDING LEFTY'S WORDS-VERNON CHARGES IN!

TAKE SECOND BASE!!

SMACK



THAT COLLISION LOOKED DELIBERATE TO ME!



VERNON CONTINUES HIS DIRTY WORK IN THE NEXT INNING...

I'LL JUGGLE THIS--THEN DROP IT!



SUB-ZERO FREEZES THE BALL TO VERNON'S MITT!

ATTABOY-VERNON!

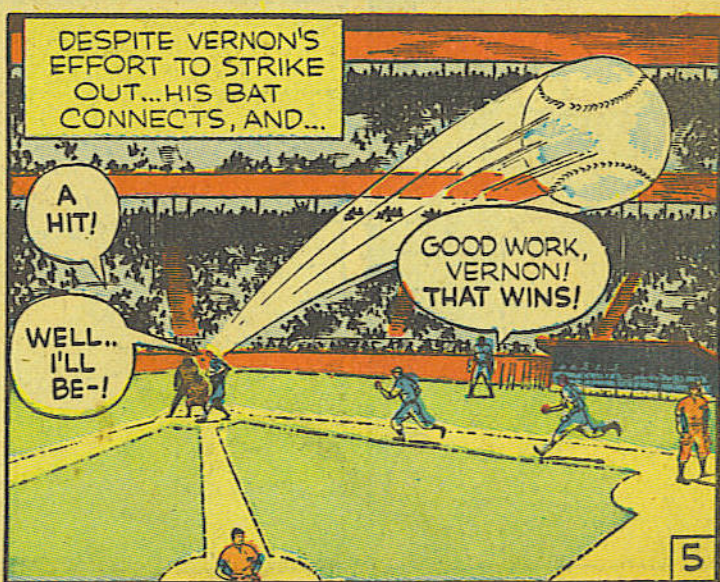
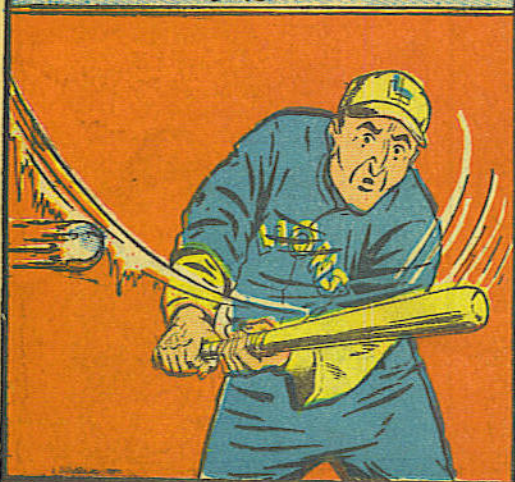
WHAT THE--!

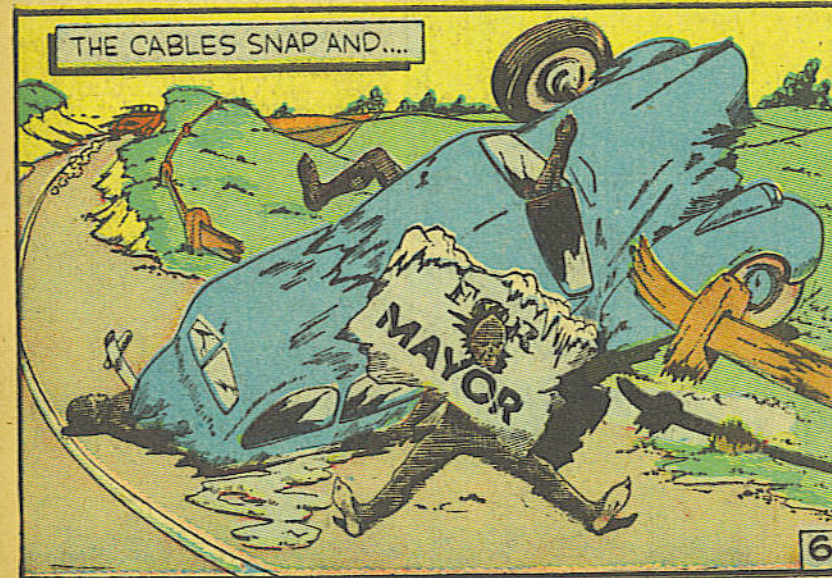
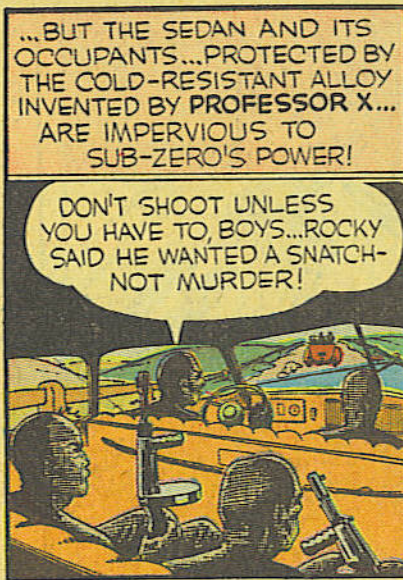
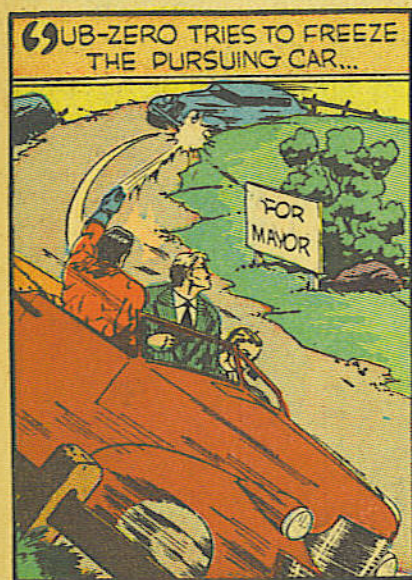


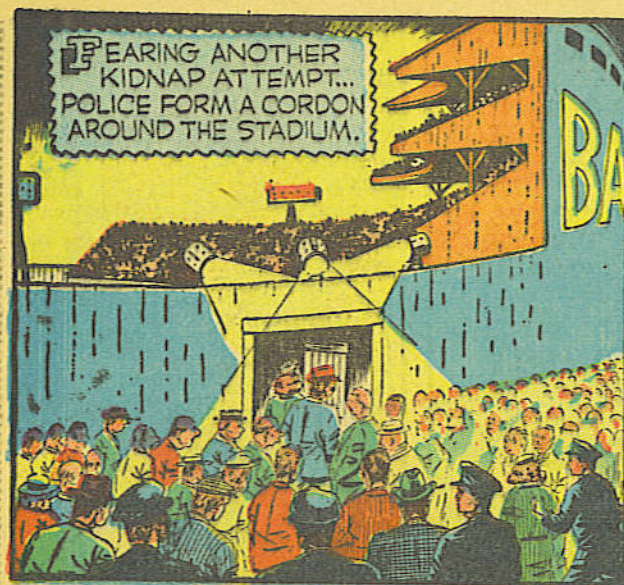
ON THE NINTH INNING...WITH THE SCORE TIED...TWO OUT...AND TWO RUNNERS ON BASE...VERNON ADVANCES TO THE PLATE...



EVEN THE BLUE SOX PITCHER DIDN'T EXPECT THIS...A SHARP DROP!







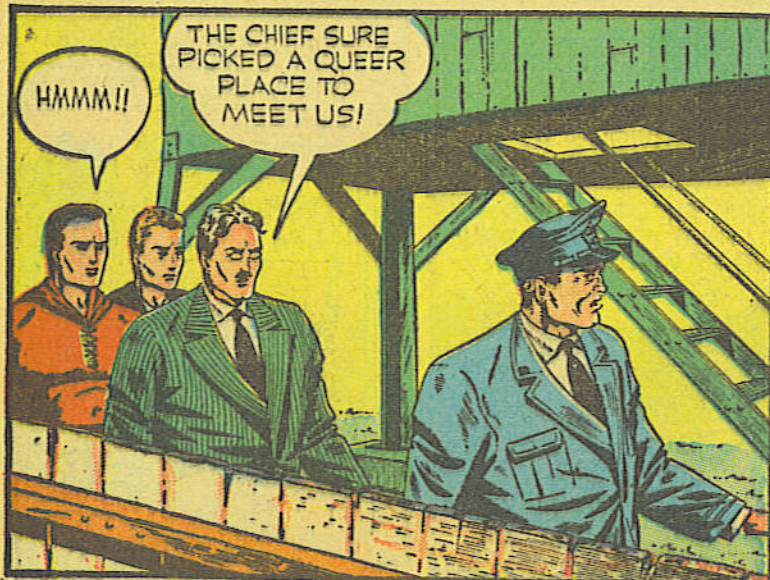
FEARING ANOTHER KIDNAP ATTEMPT... POLICE FORM A CORDON AROUND THE STADIUM.



POLICEMAN ASSIGNED AS LEFTY'S BODYGUARD ACCOMPANIES HIM TO THE PARK WHERE...

I'M O'NEILL-FROM THE 27TH PRECINCT...THE CHIEF SENT ME TO RELIEVE YOU. HE WANTS TO SEE THESE GENTLEMEN BEFORE THE GAME STARTS!

OKAY, YOUNG FELLER-BE CAREFUL!

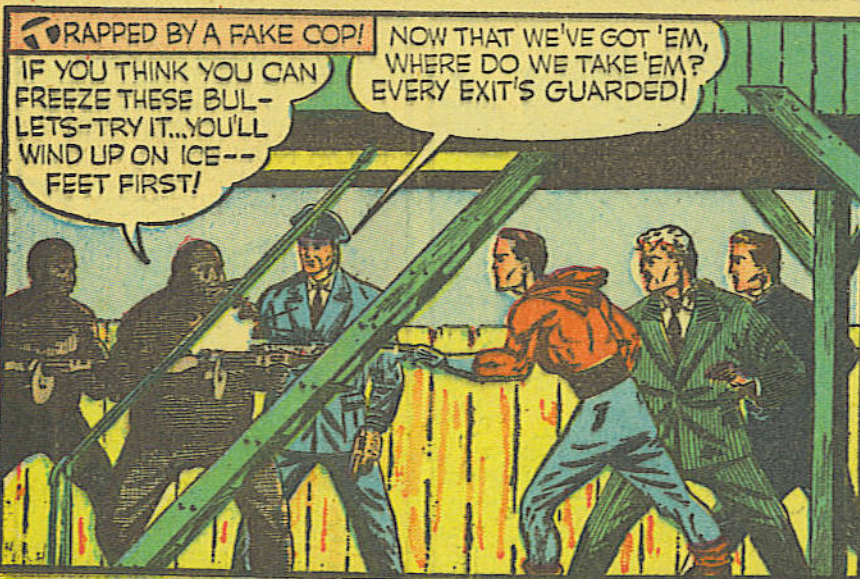


HMMM!!

THE CHIEF SURE PICKED A QUEER PLACE TO MEET US!



YEAH....NICE AND DARK! OKAY...ROCKY!



TRAPPED BY A FAKE COP! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN FREEZE THESE BULLETS-TRY IT...YOU'LL WIND UP ON ICE--FEET FIRST!

NOW THAT WE'VE GOT 'EM, WHERE DO WE TAKE 'EM? EVERY EXIT'S GUARDED!

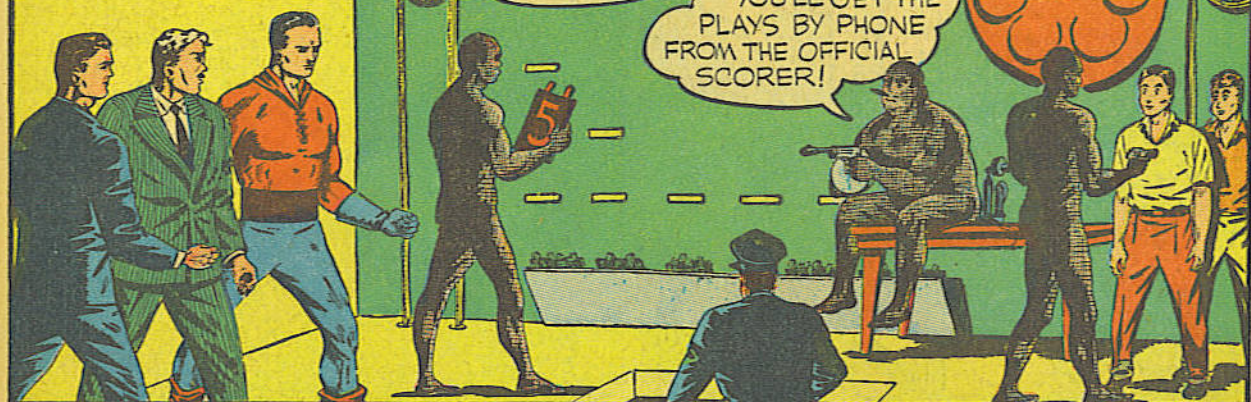


PUT 'EM IN THE SCOREBOARD! THE COPS'LL NEVER LOOK FOR 'EM THERE! WE'LL JUST KEEP LEFTY AND HIS PALS UNDER WRAPS TILL THE GAME'S OVER...THEN WE COLLECT!

THE MOBSTERS EASILY
OVERPOWER THE YOUNG
SCOREBOARD OPERATORS!

YOU USED TO PLAY
BALL--TAKE CARE
OF THE LOCAL SCORE,
STRIKES, BALLS
AND OUTS....

YOU WORK THE
OUT-OF-TOWN
SCORE TABS....
THEY'RE EASY!
YOU'LL GET THE
PLAYS BY PHONE
FROM THE OFFICIAL
SCORER!



WHILE ON THE FIELD....

SORRY, MAC...
WE CAN'T
HOLD UP THE
GAME ANY
LONGER!

OKAY! THE
BATTERY WILL
BE BART AND
FOX...

IF I COULD
ONLY GET MY
MITTS ON THE
GUYS WHO SNATCHED
LEFTY!



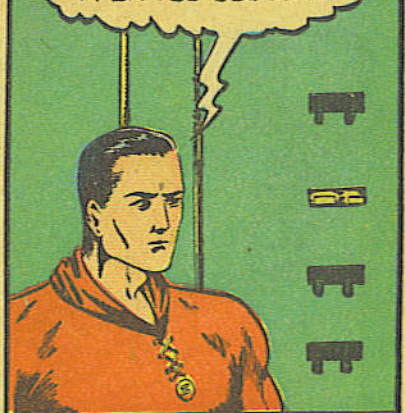
FIVE INNINGS PASS....

...WITH THE BLUE SOX ON
A HITTING SPREE--ANOTHER
LIONS PITCHER IS WARMING
UP IN THE BULL-PEN...
LEFTY IS STILL
MISSING!

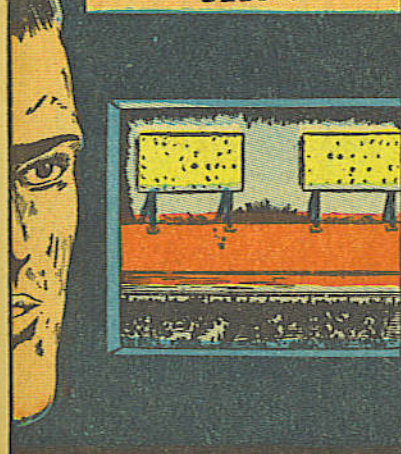


INSIDE THE SCOREBOARD...

THAT LIGHT!...IT'S FROM
ONE OF THE BEACONS...
NOW, IF I CAN ONLY GET
A LITTLE CLOSER!



IDLING TOWARD THE
SLOT, UNSEEN BY
ROCKY... SUB-ZERO
SEES...

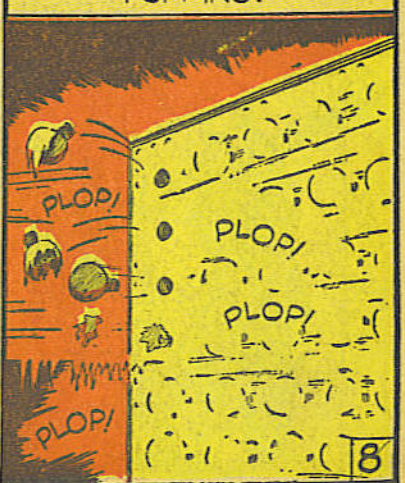


SLOWLY MOVING HIS HAND,
SUB-ZERO HURLS A COLD
BLAST THROUGH THE SLOT--

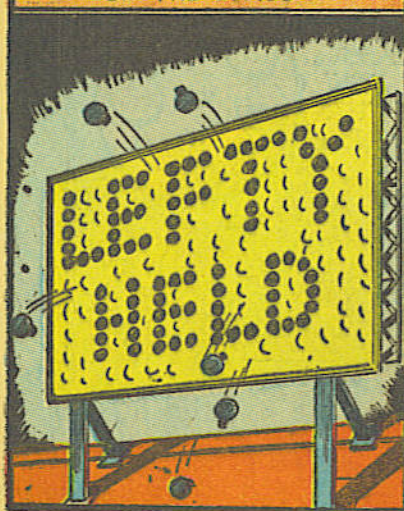


WHAT A
SHELLACKIN'
YOUR TEAM'S
TAKIN',
LEFTY!

--AND BULBS ON ONE OF
THE BEACONS START
POPPING!

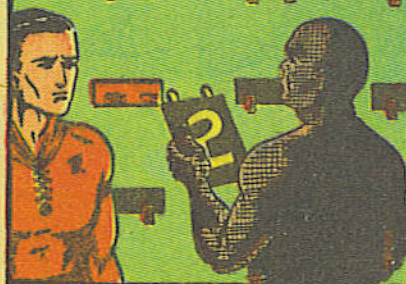


MESSAGE TAKES FORM
ON THE BEACON!

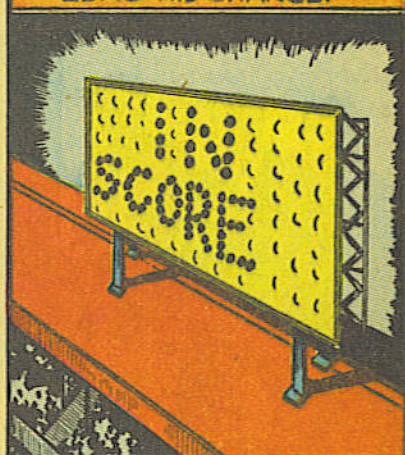


IF HE
PUTS THE
TAB IN
THE SLOT,
WE'RE
LOST

LET'S SEE....
I THINK
THIS TAB
GOES HERE...



BUT THE GANGSTER FINDS
HE IS MISTAKEN, AND
MOVES ON...GIVING SUB-
ZERO HIS CHANCE!



LEFTY
HELD

IN
SCOREBOARD



LET'S
GET
GOIN'!

BANG!



ENRAGED... ROCKY TURNS HIS
GUN ON SUB-ZERO, BUT...

A GLOVE
OF ICE
HELPS!

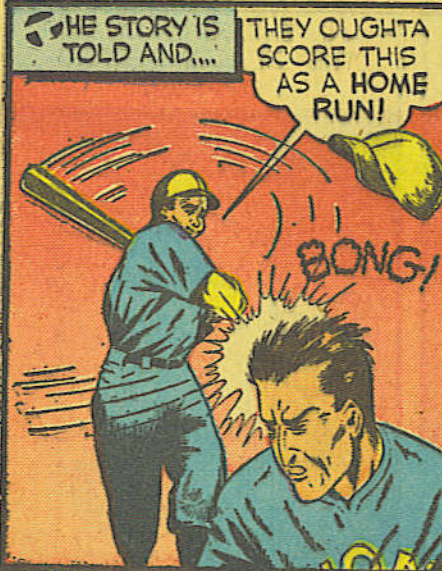
OW!



BAM!

THE STORY IS
TOLD AND...

THEY OUGHTA
SCORE THIS
AS A HOME
RUN!



BONG!

LEFTY TAKES THE MOUND
AND PITCHES HIS TEAM TO
VICTORY, THEN--



'RAY!
LEFTY!

HURRAH!
'RAH!

'RAY!
SUB
ZERO.

Another
Exciting
SUB-
ZERO

ADVENTURE
IN THE

OF

BLUE
BOLT

NEXT
ISSUE

Pony Tracks

By JACIL A. WARREN

YOU AND YOUR POKER
PLAYIN'--! YOU
LOST OUR GUNS,
PONIES, AND ALL
OUR DINERO...
SAME WHICH
WUSN'T MUCH!

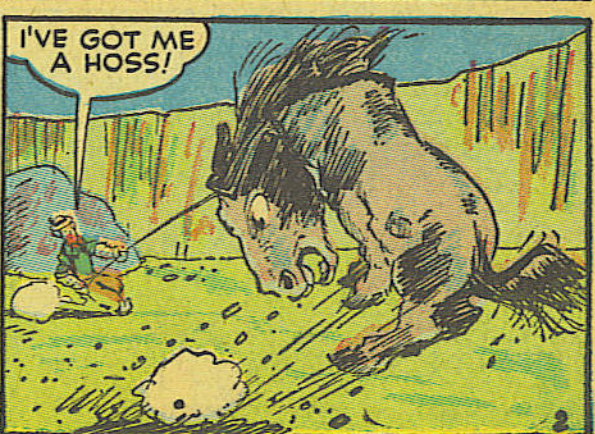
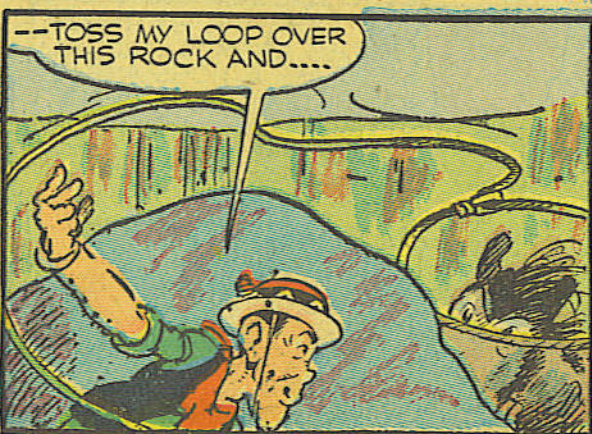
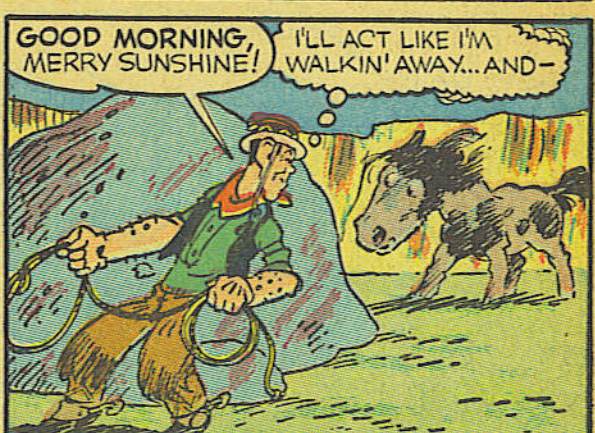
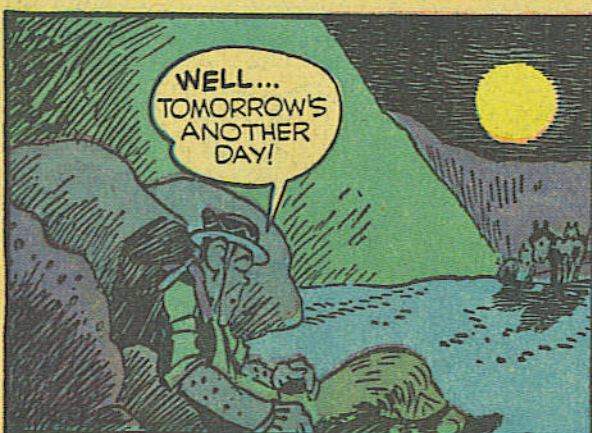
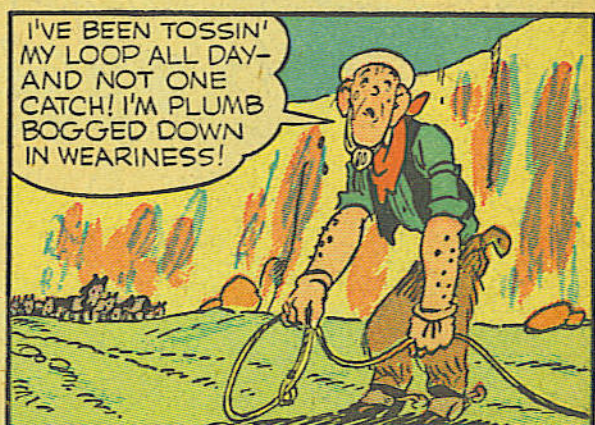
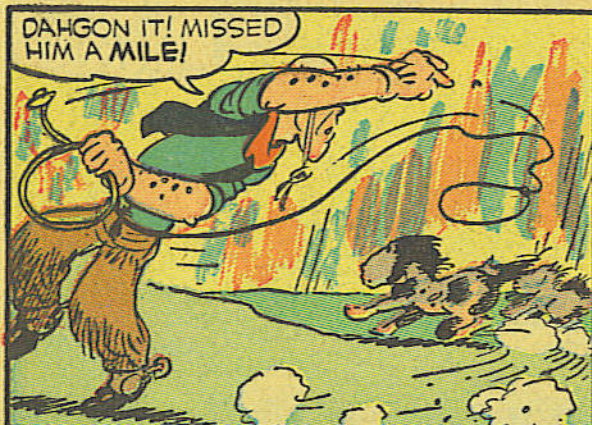
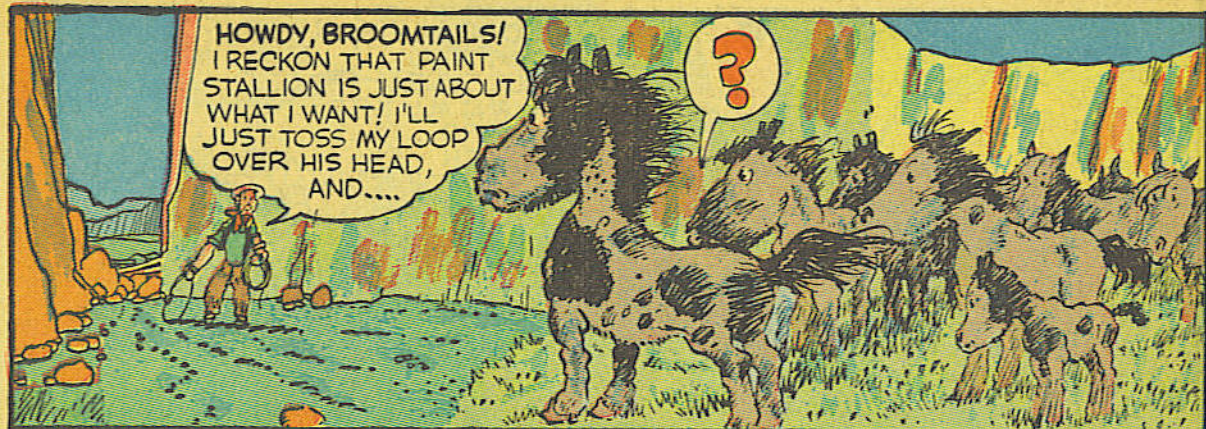
I'M GONNA
VAMOOSE FAR
AWAY FROM
THIS PIECE OF
BAD LUCK!

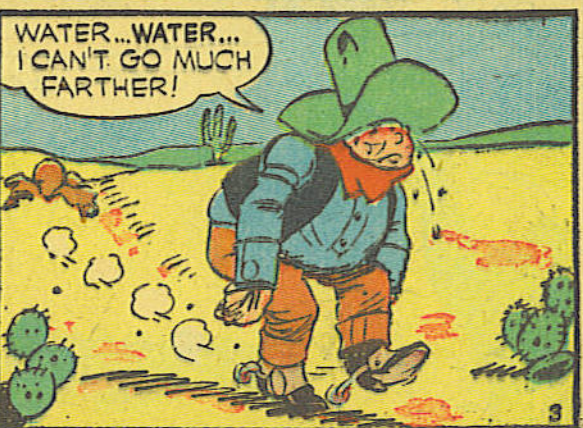
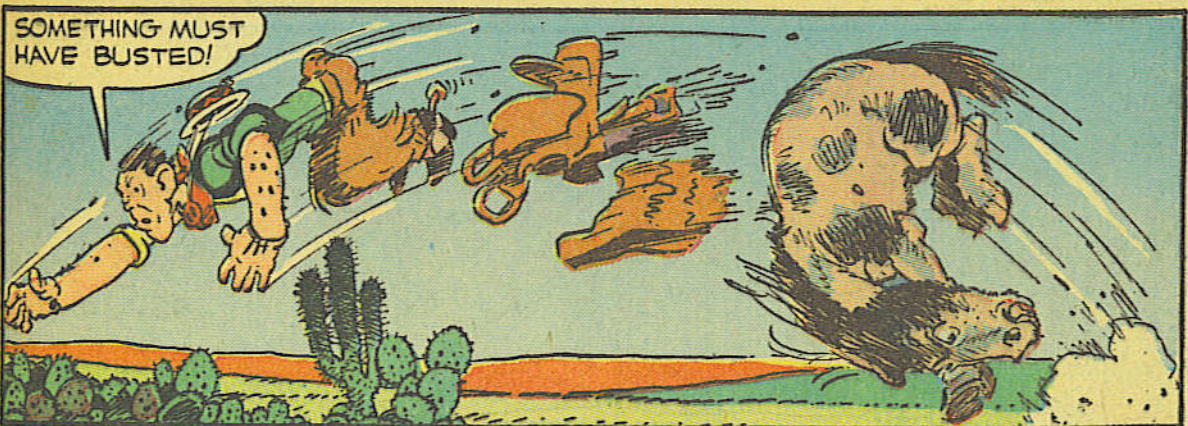
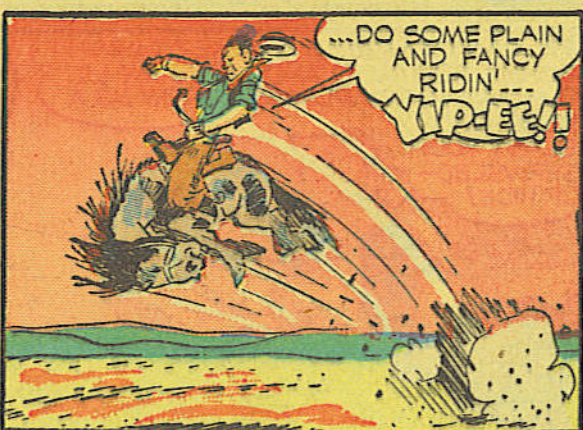
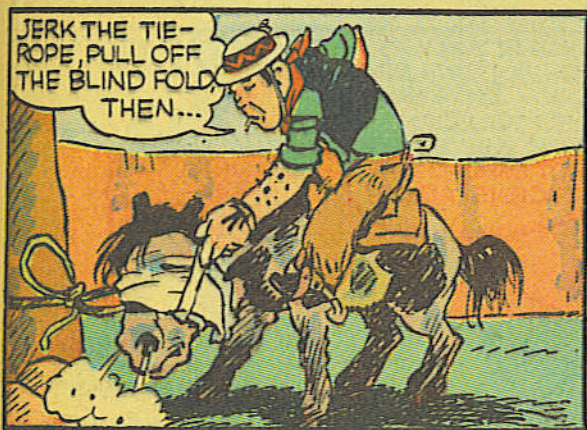
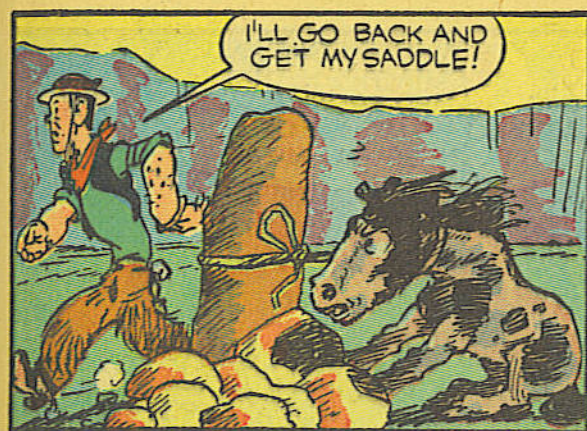
I AIN'T GONNA LET YOU BOG ME
DOWN IN NO MORE OF YOUR BIG
IDEAS! YOU
AND ME IS
PARTIN'
COMPANY--
PRONTO!

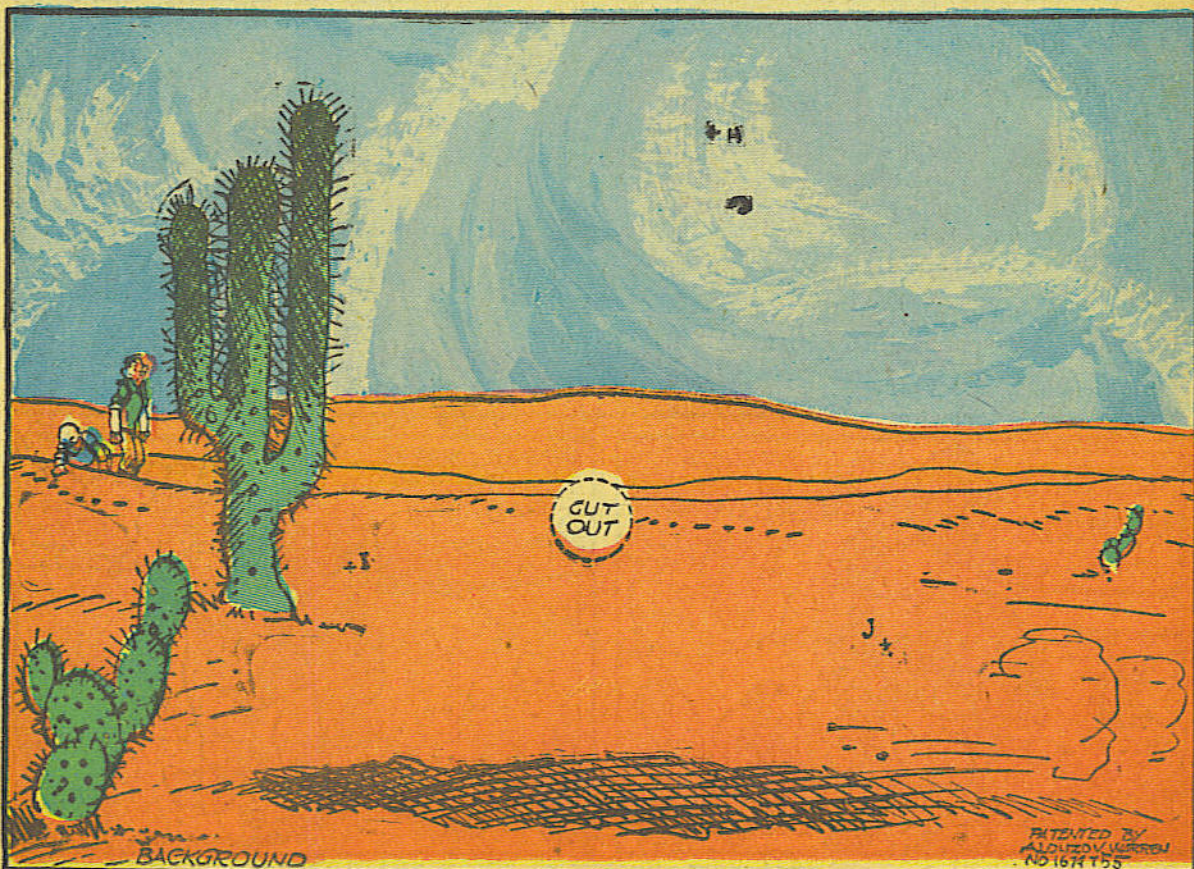
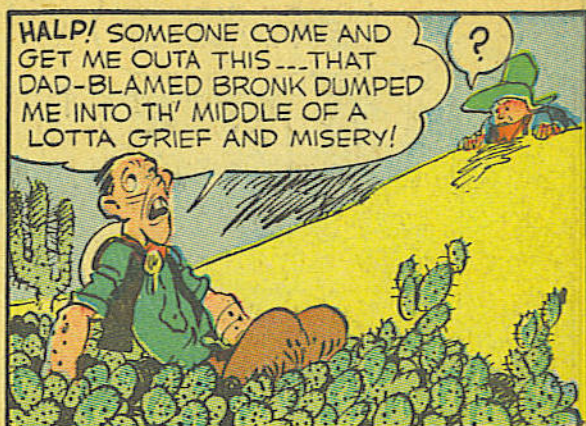
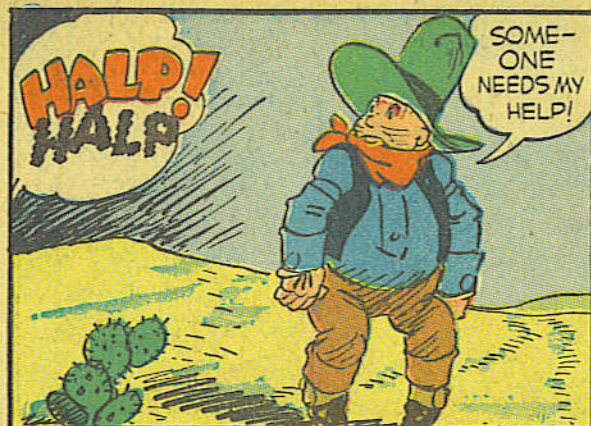
I'M BUILDIN' ME A
LOOP FOR A WILD
HOSS... RIGHT
NOW!

AH-H! THERE'S A BUNCH OF
BROOMTAILS HOLED UP IN
THAT BLIND CANYON....

I'LL CLOSE THE ENTRANCE
TO THIS CANYON... THEN I'LL
ROPE ME A HOSS AND RIDE
OUTA THAT FAT LITTLE
WART-HOG'S LIFE!



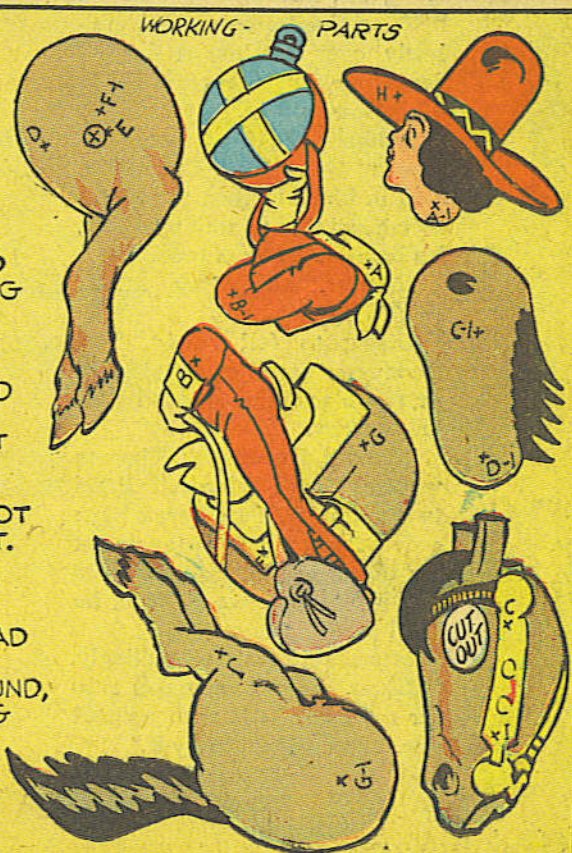






JACK A. WARREN'S ANIMATED CUT-OUT CARTOON

CUT OUT PANEL MARKED **BACKGROUND** ON OPPOSITE PAGE. CUT OUT WORKING PARTS ON THIS PAGE. MOUNT THESE WITH PASTE OR RUBBER CEMENT ON CARDBOARD OR STIFF PAPER. CUT OUT CIRCLE ON BACKGROUND MARKED **CUT OUT**... CUT OUT EYE ON HORSE'S HEAD... TAKE NEEDLE AND THREAD, KNOT THREAD AT END - CUT END OFF UP TO KNOT. SEW THROUGH AT POINT A TO POINT A-1. PULL PIECES UP CLOSE... KNOT THREAD, AND CUT THREAD UP TO KNOT. REPEAT AT POINTS B TO B1... C TO C1... D TO D1. KNOT THREAD... B/G KNOT... SEW THROUGH AT POINT E. KNOT THREAD AT BACK, AND LEAVE TWO INCHES OF THREAD FOR HANDLE. SEW F TO F1... G TO G1... NEXT SEW POINT H TO H1 ON BACKGROUND, POINT I TO I1, AND J TO J1. PULL STRING AT E THROUGH LARGE HOLE IN BACKGROUND, AND TURN IN ROTARY MOTION.



THE RAY MASTER

by Andrew McWhiney

Forty men in the uniform of the U. S. Army Air Corps
stood in stiff, frozen ranks — victims
of a power-mad genius.



DEEP in the mesa's shadow, Hunchback watched a small shape wheel endlessly over the desert in the fierce blue sky. Lower it dropped — yellow wings, blue body. Hunchback hobbled into the cavern where Tall Conqueror, clad in black leather, sat on his rock-hewn throne, smiling thinly, his aquiline features brooding.

"Master, an Army attack ship!"

Rising to full height, Tall Conqueror gazed at a glass grid in the black, dial-studded cabinet nearby.

"Correct, Hunchback. The one we saw leave Marshall Field two hours ago. His generals have ordered him to search the desert for traces of the eight bombers lost in the past week. Well, he shall see."

Hunchback spoke wheedlingly. "Master, may I have this ship for my own? It is such a small one. I could learn to fly it."

"Later. We have work now."

"Why do you put me off?" whined the cripple. "You and the others have all the adventure. I am only good for running errands."

"I have spoken! Silence! Get to the ray room and bid them begin!"

Hunchback slunk along corridors cut in the mesa rock to a chamber where enormous glistening funnels—bristling with insulators, sights, wire coils and regulators—protruded from slits opening to the sky. Men in black leather uniforms sprang to the alert.

"Turn on the ray!" Hunchback ordered. A switch clicked; crackling sprang from the funnels, whose mouths moved as men spun wheels. In a large screen on the rock wall, Hunchback watched the U. S. Army ship glide to earth with engine dead. In the lofty, glowing Throne Room, Tall Conqueror saw the same sight.

DEEPLY mystified, Captain Randy Rickard climbed from the A-13 and headed around a wing for the engine. Suddenly a leather clad man dodged from behind a rock, levelled a rifle. "Hands up! Turn around! Get going!"

Helpless, bewildered, Randy preceded him toward the mesa's cliff. Tall Conqueror smiled thinly as the astonished airman was ushered into the Throne Room.

"Who are you?" snapped Randy.

"Master of your destiny, as I am already of forty of your comrades. Soon Master of the armed forces of the United States; then Ruler of all America; and finally, of the World!"

Randy stared levelly. "You brought down those eight bombers, I take it. With some ray, judging by the way my own engine acted."

Tall Conqueror nodded.

"My secret. I have many others. And three hundred followers at my command, all brilliant, cunning, ruthless. You may call this our headquarters; this mesa is honeycombed with laboratories, arsenals, living quarters. And well camouflaged."

"I'm aware of that last. Why do you do this? What is your grudge?"

"No grudge," laughed the tall Man of Mystery. Then the hawk-like features were stern. "Power! The only thing strong men want! Your country, nay, the world, is ruled by fat, corrupt fools. Soon I shall seize the reins and show mankind what discipline is!"

"Where are my comrades?"



"Come." Tall Conqueror led through rocky tunnels to a remote chamber, artificially lighted. Randy's scalp crawled. Forty men in the uniform of the U. S. Army Air Corps stood in unnaturally stiff, frozen ranks, faces blank, dead white. He knew them all, pilots, gunners, mechanics.

"Dead!" he gasped.

"No. In a trance."

"How?"

AGAIN the sardonic smile. "A certain drink. You shall taste it soon. After some weeks, when they, and you, come to your senses, perhaps you will agree to serve me."

"Never!" rasped Randy.

"We shall see. Tomorrow will find your generals here. Soon, your Cabinet members, and your President himself."

"You're mad!" raved Randy. "Where do you propose to get all this power?"

"Let us turn in here. Look at that!"

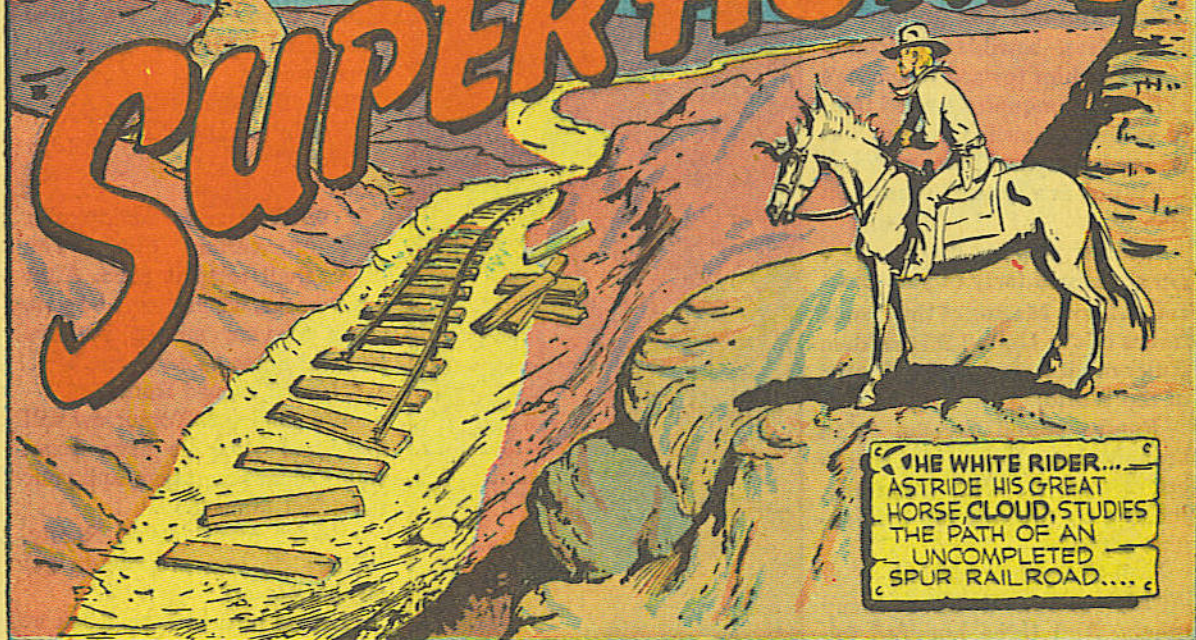
In an enormous hangar hallowed from the cliff stood eight bombers. Randy knew them for the missing B-18's. But black paint hid their blue and yellow splendor, and they were fitted with weird, unfamiliar apparatus.

"The nucleus of my power," smiled Tall Conqueror. "Atom guns to shatter cities at a squeeze of the finger; flasks of deadly germs to drop. Ray rifles to cripple battleships, other planes. And other secrets. Even now they are being readied for flight."

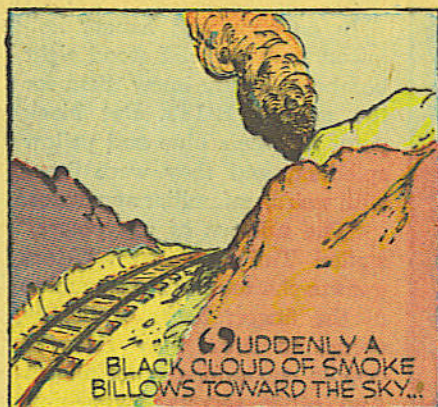
Continued next month.



The WHITE RIDER and SUPER HORSE



THE WHITE RIDER...
ASTRIDE HIS GREAT
HORSE, CLOUD, STUDIES
THE PATH OF AN
UNCOMPLETED
SPUR RAILROAD....

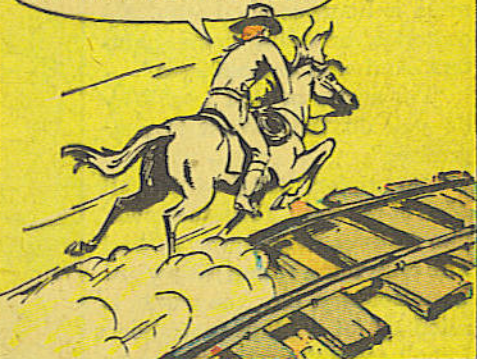


SUDDENLY A
BLACK CLOUD OF SMOKE
BILLOWS TOWARD THE SKY...

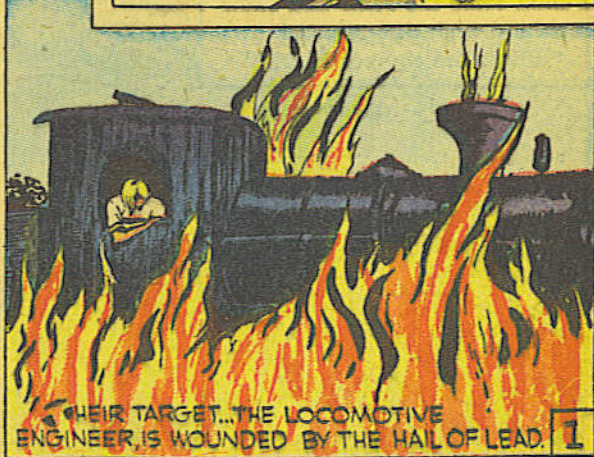
FIRE! CLOUD, THAT'S
THE RAILWAY
BRIDGE! COME
ON, BOY!



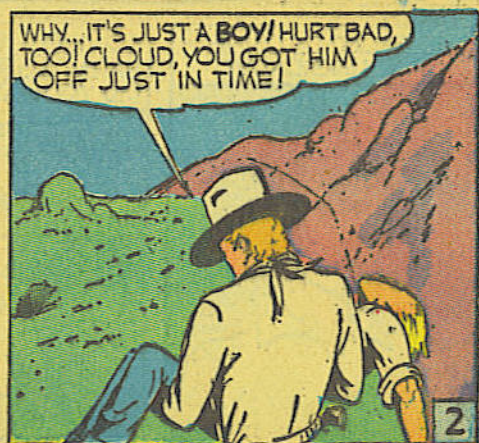
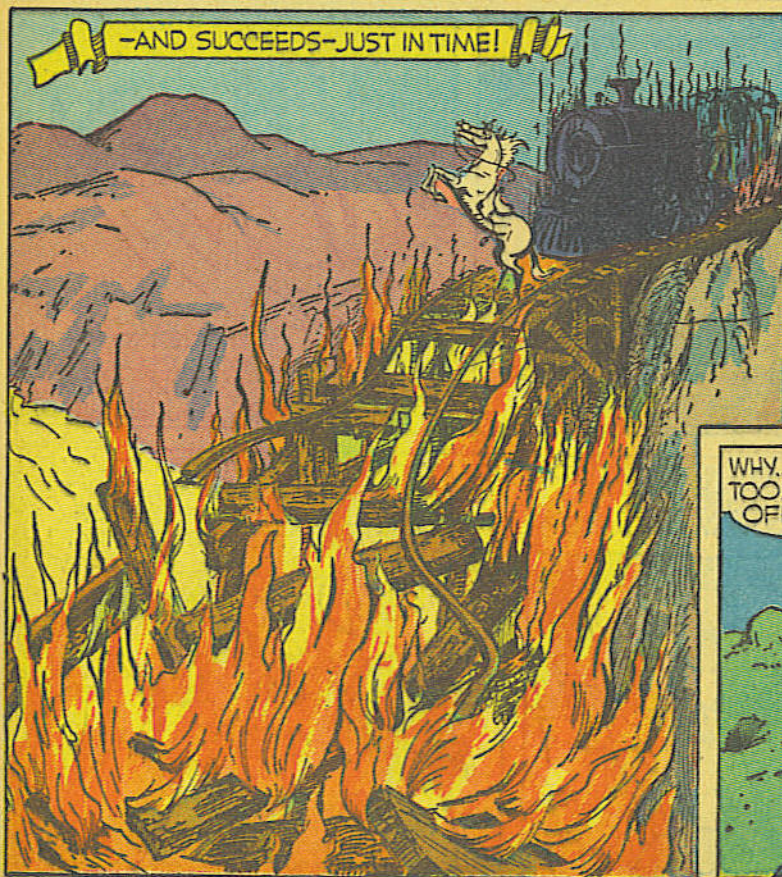
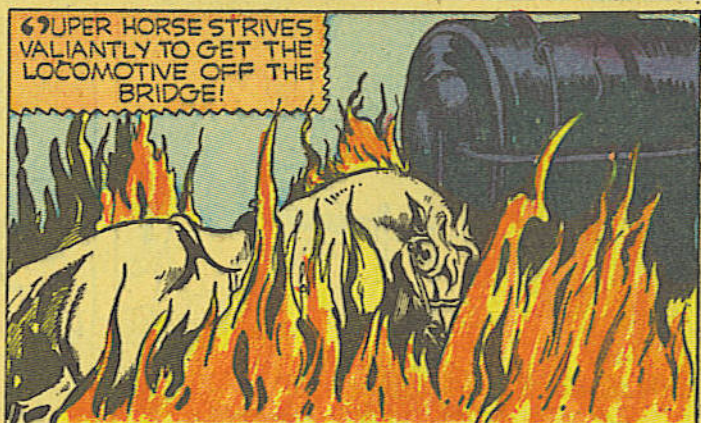
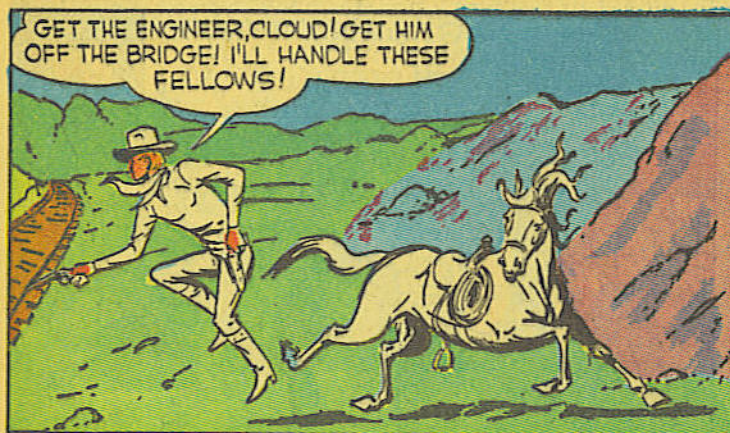
FASTER, CLOUD...THERE'S A
LOCOMOTIVE ON THE BRIDGE!
WE MAY BE NEEDED!



COMING CLOSER TO THE SCENE...THE WHITE
RIDER SEES TWO MEN WITH DRAWN GUNS,
FIRING INTO THE FLAMES!



THEIR TARGET...THE LOCOMOTIVE
ENGINEER, IS WOUNDED BY THE HAIL OF LEAD.



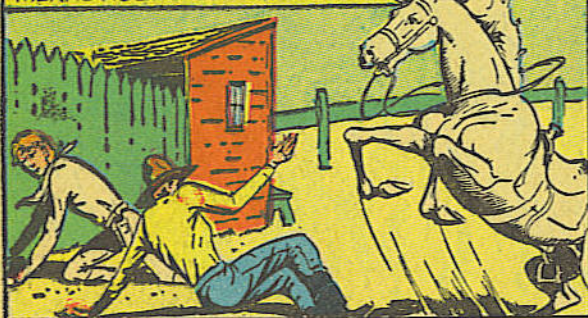
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BEHIND THIS ATTACK, CLOUD...LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



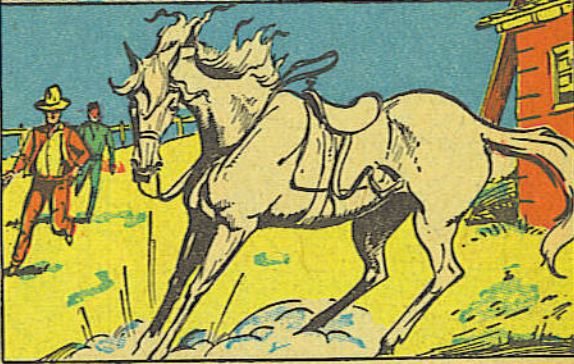
DELIVERING THE LIMP FORM INTO THE ARMS OF ONE OF THE WORKMEN IN THE CONSTRUCTION CAMP...THE WHITE RIDER IS TACKLED FROM THE REAR!



THE TWO FALL TO THE GROUND, AND BEFORE EITHER CAN RISE, CLOUD'S HOOF'S ARE RAISED MENACINGLY OVER THE TACKLER!

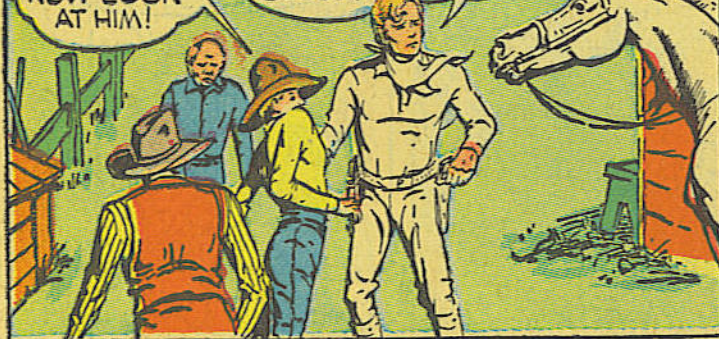


...BUT WITH SURPRISING SUDDENNESS, THE GREAT HORSE DROPS BACK TO HIS FEET!



HE...HE STARTED TO KILL ME, BUT NOW LOOK AT HIM!

HE'S NEVER ACTED LIKE THIS BEFORE! WHAT IS IT, CLOUD?



...REVEALING ITS OWNER-- A YOUNG LADY!

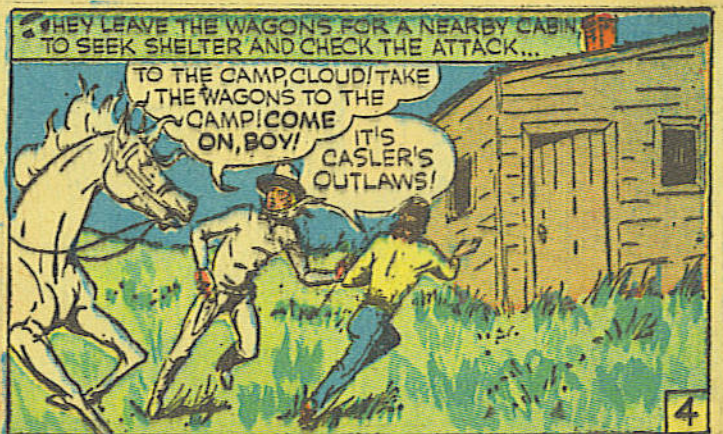
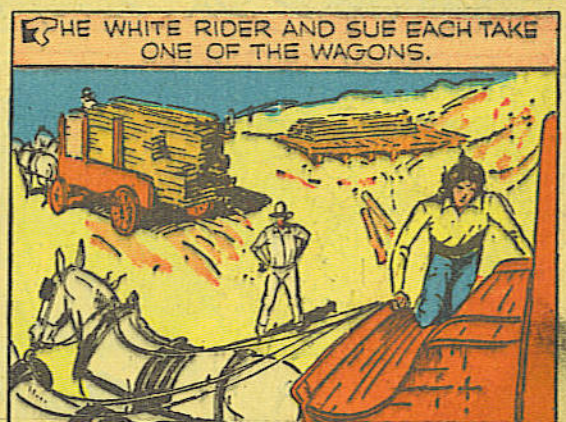
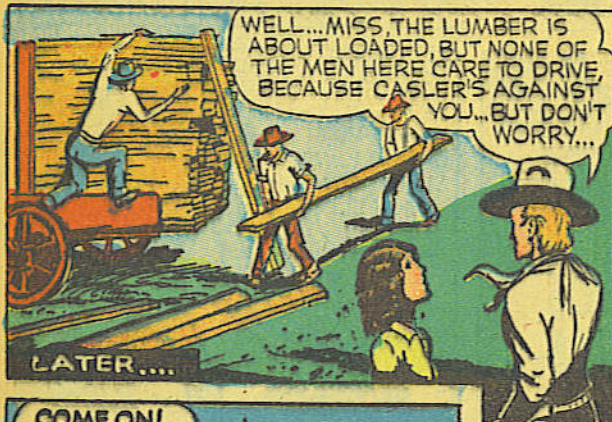


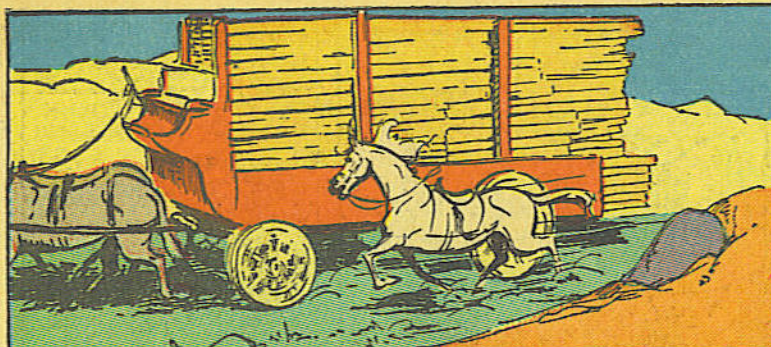
SO THAT'S IT! HE'D NEVER HARM A GIRL! BUT WHY DID YOU JUMP ME, MISS?



YOU BROUGHT MY BROTHER INTO CAMP... AND AT FIRST I THOUGHT YOU'D KILLED HIM! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF CASLER'S MEN! THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP OUR BUILDING THE ROAD!







THE OUTLAWS, THINKING THE WAGONS WILL STOP BY THEMSELVES, AND NOT SUSPECTING A HORSE IS KEEPING THEM GOING... TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO THE CABIN...

LATER... ONE OF THE OUTLAWS MANAGES TO GET NEAR THE CABIN—CREEPING TO ONE OF THE WINDOWS!



SUE... WHO IS CLOSE TO THE WINDOW, IS SUDDENLY GRABBED BY THE OUTLAW, AND...

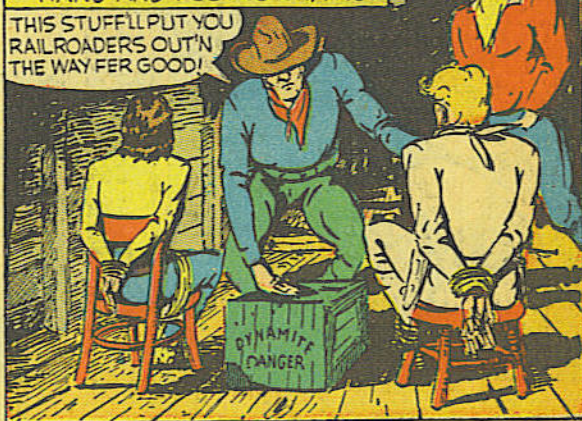


GIVE UP, OR SHE GETS KILLED!

YOU WIN, MISTER!

...THEY ARE CAPTURED AND TIED HAND AND FOOT TO CHAIRS!

THIS STUFF'LL PUT YOU RAILROADERS OUT'N THE WAY FER GOOD!



THIS IS A NICE WARM FIRE I MADE FER YUH BACK HERE! WE DON'T LIKE TO KILL OUR VICTIMS IN COLD BLOOD—



SO... I PUT THIS RIFLE ON THE LOGS—POINTED AT THE BOX BETWEEN YUH! WHEN IT GETS HOT ENOUGH... WELL—YUH KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN!

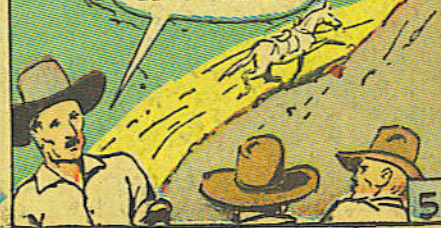


DELIVERING THE LUMBER SAFELY... CLOUD WHIRLS—

WELL... I'LL BE—HEY.. FELLERS!



—AND RACES BACK TO HIS MASTER! THAT'S FUNNY, FELLERS! SOMETHING'S WRONG! MAYBE SUE'S HURT, OR IN DANGER! THAT'S THE WHITE RIDER'S HORSE, AND SUE WAS WITH HIM LAST... LET'S FOLLOW!



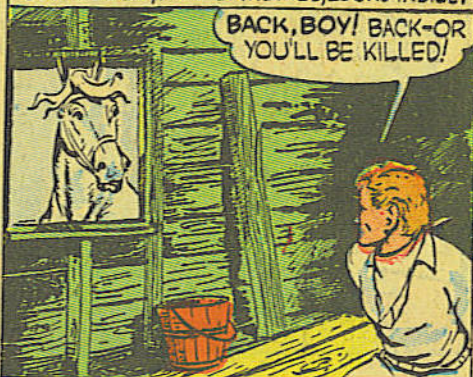
THE TRAILING HORSEMEN, FOR A WHILE, ARE ABLE TO FOLLOW SUPER HORSE... BUT HE SOON LEAVES THEM BEHIND!

HE SEEMS ANXIOUS TO GET TO HIS MASTER—THAT'S WHY WE CAN'T KEEP UP! BUT LET'S STAY TO THE ROAD, AND WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, I THINK!

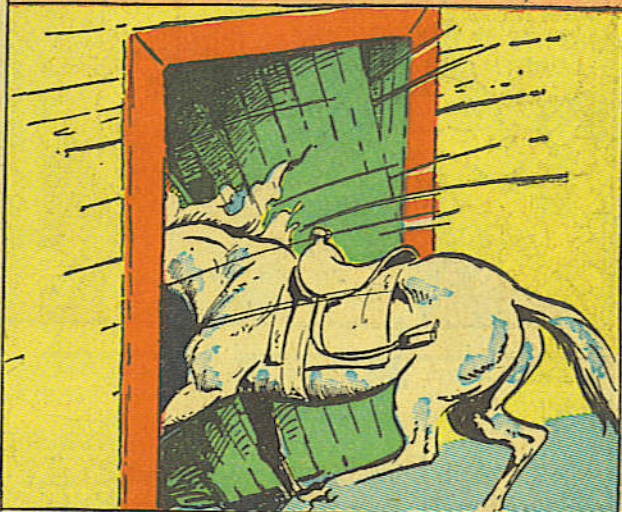


ARRIVING AT THE CABIN, ALL IS QUIET... BUT CLOUD, NOT SATISFIED, LOOKS INSIDE.

BACK, BOY! BACK—OR YOU'LL BE KILLED!



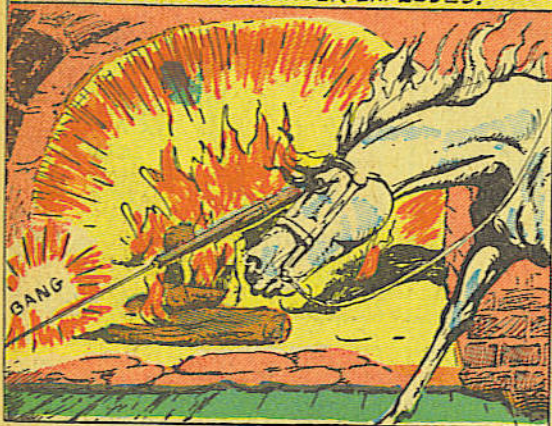
SENSING THE DANGER, HE RUNS TO THE CABIN DOOR... THERE'S A RENDING CRASH, AND...



BUT CLOUD SEES THE FIRE AND THE GUN POINTED TOWARD THE BOX BETWEEN SUE AND THE RIDER!



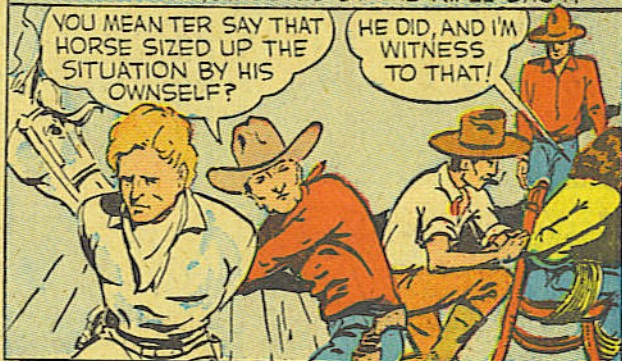
...SUPER HORSE BREAKS IN... NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! RACING TO THE GUN, HE MOVES IT JUST AS THE POWDER EXPLODES!



MINUTES LATER, THE TRAILING HORSEMEN CAME TO THE CABIN, DIRECTED BY THE RIFLE SHOT!

YOU MEANTER SAY THAT HORSE SIZED UP THE SITUATION BY HIS OWNSELF?

HE DID, AND I'M WITNESS TO THAT!



THANKS, CLOUD, FOR EVERYTHING! YOU'RE A WONDERFUL COMBINATION OF SPEED, BRAINS, STRENGTH, AND COURAGE! AND BECAUSE YOU ARE, WE CAN BUILD THE BRIDGE! THOSE OUTLAWS WON'T DARE SHOW UP AGAIN!

CLOUD AND I ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP PEOPLE THAT ARE INTERESTED IN BUILDING UP OUR COUNTRY!



SUPER HORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER APPEAR EACH MONTH IN

BLUE BOLT COMICS! 6

EDISON BELL

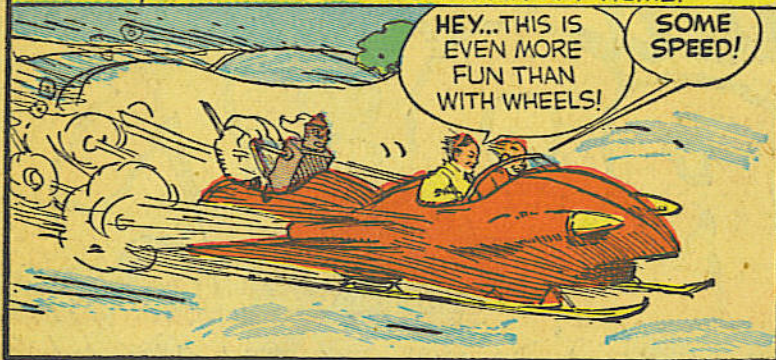
YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT A GREAT LITTLE ISLAND HERE, KING ROBINSON!

THANK YOU! WILL YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS BE HERE LONG?

EDISON BELL, WITH HIS PAL JERRY AND THEIR MECHANICAL FRIEND, FRANKIE STEIN ARE STILL ON THEIR CAMPING TRIP...WHERE WE LEFT THEM WITH THEIR NEW FRIEND, KING ROBINSON...



EDDIE RIGS UP A SET OF SIMPLE SKIS...ONE FOR EACH WHEEL, AND THEY ARE SOON ON THEIR WAY HOME!



YOU BOYS WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME YET! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



THAT EVENING...

THESE ARE THE SNOWSHOES KING ROBINSON GAVE US...MAY I HANG THEM OVER THE FIREPLACE?



LOOK, EDDIE...WE AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO HAVE SNOWSHOES!

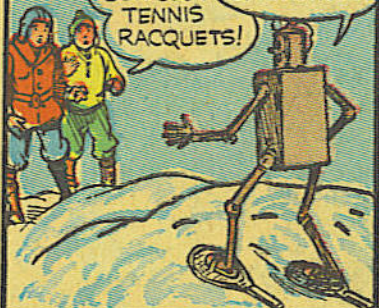


THE NEXT MORNING...

FRANKIE!

MY GOSH! OUR BEST TENNIS RACQUETS!

HELLO, EDDIE! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY SNOWSHOES?



Make Your Own Snow SHOES!

HERE IS A SIMPLIFIED DESIGN FOR A PAIR OF SNOWSHOES THAT YOU CAN MAKE !!!

NOTCH-AND-TIE CORDS.



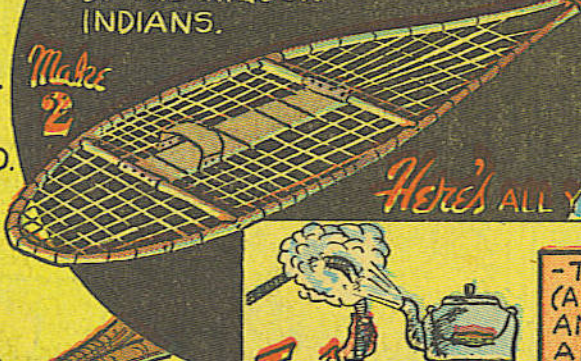
AFTER YOU'VE BENT THE STAVES, NOTCH AS SHOWN FOR CORD.



THE CROSS PIECES ARE FASTENED WITH A SINGLE NAIL. TIE THE ENDS TOGETHER SECURELY WITH WAXED CORD.

THESE ARE PATTERNED AFTER THE TYPE USED BY THE IRIQUOIS INDIANS.

Make 2



Here's ALL YOU NEED=

LEATHER

BEESWAX CORD

BRACES

NAILS

POLES

- TWO LONG BRANCHES, (ABOUT SIX FT. LONG.) AND FOUR CROSS PIECES. A BALL OF HEAVY CORD, AND A FEW STRIPS OF LEATHER. WAX CORD WELL.



TAKE THE LONG STAVES, AN END IN EACH HAND, AND BEND OVER STEAMING KETTLE.

Sergeant Spook

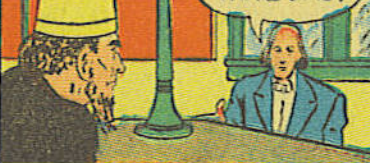


by MALCOLM KILDALE

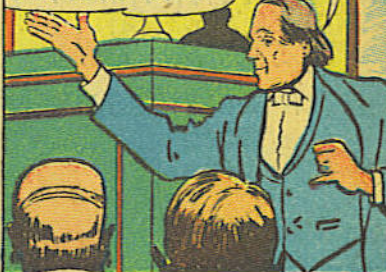
SERGEANT SPOOK AND HIS FRIEND, DR. SHERLOCK, ARE ATTENDING THE TRIAL OF JESSE JAMES IN GHOST TOWN. JESSE IS BEING TRIED BECAUSE HE ENTERED THE MORTAL WORLD AND ROBBED A TRAIN.

PATRICK HENRY, JESSE'S LAWYER, PLEADS TO THE COURT FOR JESSE'S RELEASE.

YOUR HONOR, JESSE JAMES DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM. IT WAS JUST A HABIT. HE'S TOLD US WHERE HE HID THE STOLEN MAIL BAG!



-AND HE HAS PROMISED TO BEHAVE HIMSELF FROM NOW ON. WITH THIS IN MIND, YOUR HONOR, I MOVE THE CASE BE DISMISSED!



DANIEL WEBSTER, THE D.A. OF GHOST TOWN, LEAPS TO HIS FEET.

I OBJECT, YOUR HONOR! MR. HENRY HAS PAINTED JESSE JAMES AS A SEEMINGLY INNOCENT VICTIM OF A HABIT! WHY, THAT'S AN INSULT TO OUR GHOSTLY INTELLIGENCE!

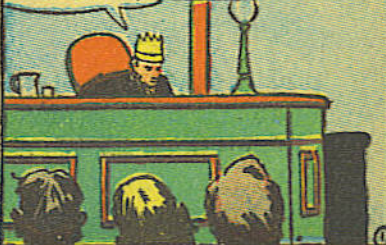


SO JESSE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM, EH? HE ONLY LEFT GHOST TOWN WITHOUT A PASSPORT, AND SCARED THE LIFE OUT OF THE PEOPLE ON THE TRAIN HE ROBBED! YOUR HONOR, I SAY HE SHOULD BE LOCKED UP FOREVER, AND IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WAY OF KILLING A GHOST, I'D RECOMMEND THAT!

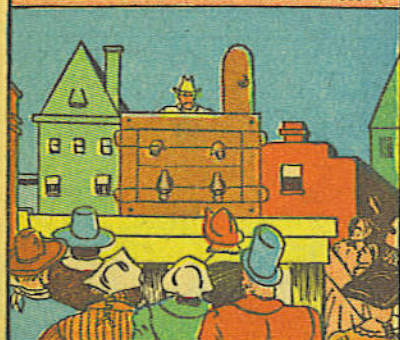


JUDGE KING SOLOMON CALLS FOR ORDER.

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE ARRIVED AT A DECISION... GUARD, LEAD THE WAY TO THE PUBLIC SQUARE WITH THE PRISONER!



AT THE SQUARE, JESSE IS PLACED IN A STOCK AS KING SOLOMON SPEAKS...

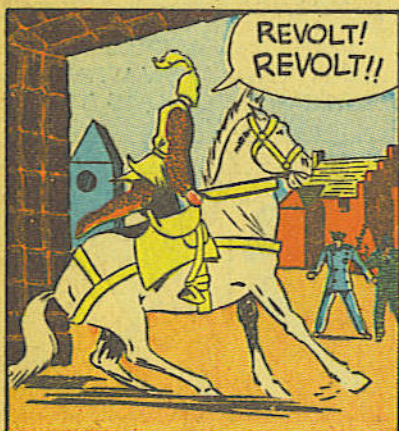


JESSE JAMES, YOU WILL REMAIN IN THAT STOCK FOR 48 HOURS AND PONDER ON THE EVIL OF ENTERING THE MORTAL WORLD AND ROBBING TRAINS! AND SHOULD YOU EVER SLIP AGAIN, YOU WILL BE BANISHED FROM GHOST TOWN FOREVER! THAT IS MY DECISION!



WITH THE TRIAL OVER, SERGEANT SPOOK AND DR. SHERLOCK ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN SPOOK CRIES OUT...

BOY! LOOK AT THIS GUY GALLOPING OVER HERE!



REVOLT!
REVOLT!!



WHAT'S UP,
MISTER?



SPIRIT TOWN, A SUBURB OF
GHOST TOWN,
IS IN
REVOLT!



A LITTLE GUY
NAMED NAPOLEON
STARTED IT! HE
WANTS TO BE A
DICTATOR!



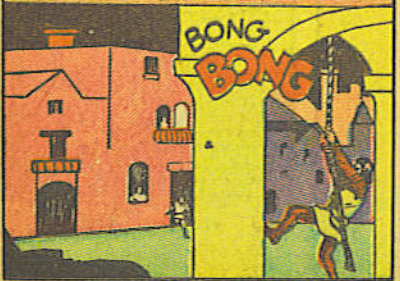
WELL, LET'S
REPORT IT
TO ARMY
HEAD-
QUARTERS.

WE HAVEN'T ANY
ARMY! WE NEVER
NEEDED ONE
BEFORE!



WE'LL HAVE TO GET ONE
TOGETHER THEN--AND
QUICK!

SERGEANT SPOOK SENDS THE
COURIER TO THE SQUARE WHERE
HE RINGS THE BELLS, GATHERING
THE PEOPLE OF GHOST TOWN
TOGETHER.



BONG
BONG

THE PEOPLE OF GHOST TOWN
RACE TO THE SQUARE...

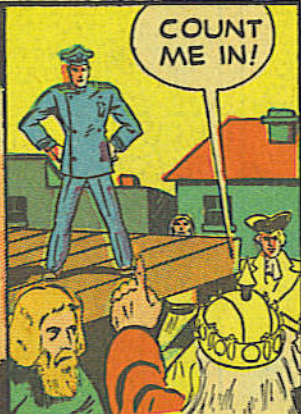


TO SERGEANT SPOOK'S APPEAL
FOR AN ARMY, A TALL INDIAN
CHIEF STEPS FORWARD AND
SPEAKS...



UGH! WE
INDIANS
FIGHT WITH
GHOST
COP!

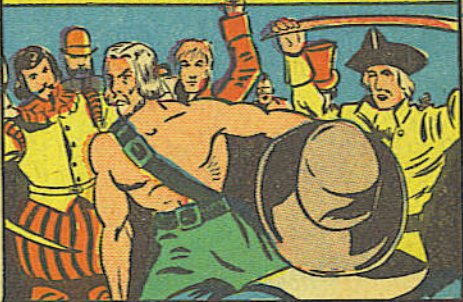
FOLLOWING THE INDIAN CHIEF, CAME GREAT MEN OF THE PAST. KING ARTHUR STEPS FORWARD...



I OFFER THE SERVICES OF MY KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE AND MYSELF!



MANY LEADERS OF MANY AGES OFFER THEIR SERVICES TOWARD THE PRESERVATION OF DEMOCRACY IN GHOST TOWN...



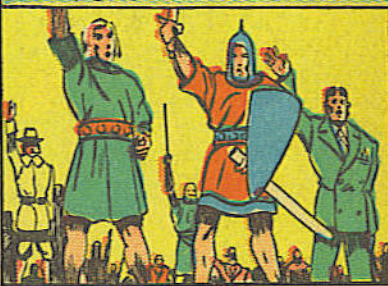
FINALLY ONE DISTINGUISHED GHOST STEPS UP AND SPEAKS. GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE I AM THE ONE BEST EQUIPPED IN THIS FIGHT AGAINST THE AMBITIOUS NAPOLEON!



I AM THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON! I DEFEATED THE MORTAL NAPOLEON AND I'LL HELP TO DEFEAT HIS GHOST!



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IS MADE CO-LEADER OF THE GHOST TOWN ARMY WITH SERGEANT SPOOK, AS THE POPULACE CHEERS...



THE HUGE ARMY OF GHOSTS ORGANIZED BY SERGEANT SPOOK GATHER OUTSIDE OF GHOST TOWN...



SPOOK AND WELLINGTON LAY THEIR PLAN OF ACTION BEFORE THE WAR COUNCIL...



AFTER MUCH DISCUSSION, THE PLAN OF ATTACK IS AGREED UPON, AND THE ARMY OF GHOST TOWN IS ON THE MARCH!

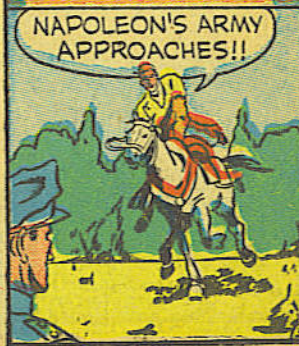


SPOOK LINES PART OF HIS ARMY UP ON THE PLAINS OUTSIDE OF GHOST TOWN.

WE'LL MEET NAPOLEON'S ARMY ABOUT HERE!

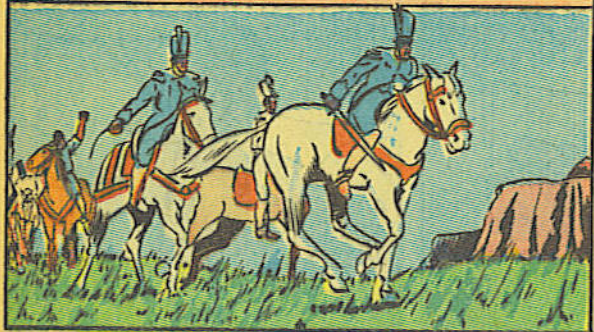


LOOKOUT SUDDENLY RIDES UP TO SERGEANT SPOOK...





NAPOLÉON'S ARMY CHARGES SWIFTLY ACROSS THE PLAINS STRAIGHT AT THE WAITING GHOST TOWN ARMY.



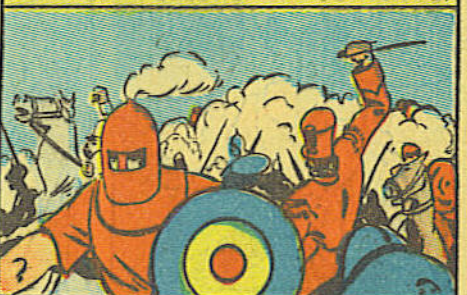
SPOOK SIGNALS HIS MEN AND THE SMALL FORCE SPLITS--ONE-HALF RUNNING TO THE RIGHT, THE OTHER TO THE LEFT.



NAPOLÉON... THINKING HE HAS THEM ON THE RUN, DIVIDES HIS ARMY TO GIVE CHASE. HERE HE MAKES HIS FATAL MISTAKE, FOR ANOTHER GHOST TOWN ARMY UNDER WELLINGTON CHARGES FROM BEHIND A MOUNTAIN INTO THE CENTER OF NAPOLÉON'S SPLIT FORCES.



NAPOLÉON'S ARMY WHEELS TO MEET THE ATTACK OF WELLINGTON'S FORCES, AND AS THEY DO, SPOOK'S ARMY TURNS AND ATTACKS THE CONFUSED NAPOLÉON FOLLOWERS ON BOTH SIDES!

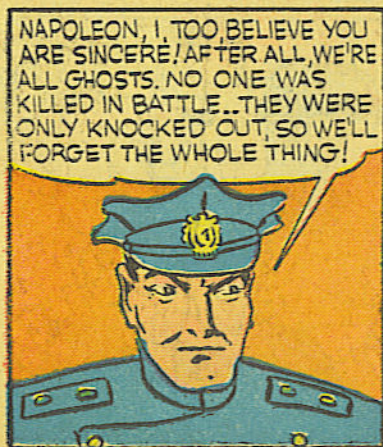
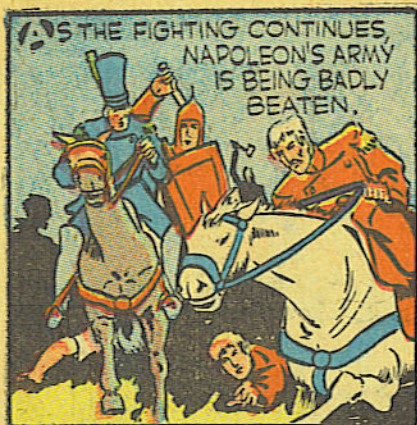


THERE IS FIERCE FIGHTING ON BOTH SIDES IN THIS BATTLE OF GHOST TOWN...



...WITH SERGEANT SPOOK IN THE CENTER OF THE HOTTEST FIGHTING AT ALL TIMES!





Son, these are times when all true Americans must pull together for our country's defense.

OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES



Old Cap Hawkins, retired mariner, tells his pal, Joey, tales of great Americans and their messages. Today he relates the situation which led to Charles Pinckney's famous doctrine.

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!!"

The French revolution had destroyed tyranny in France.



It was replaced by the Directory, a government of five ministers.



The leader was Comte de Barras. His chief general was the young and unknown Napoleon Bonaparte.



BARRAS



BONAPARTE



But Great Britain made war on France — on sea —

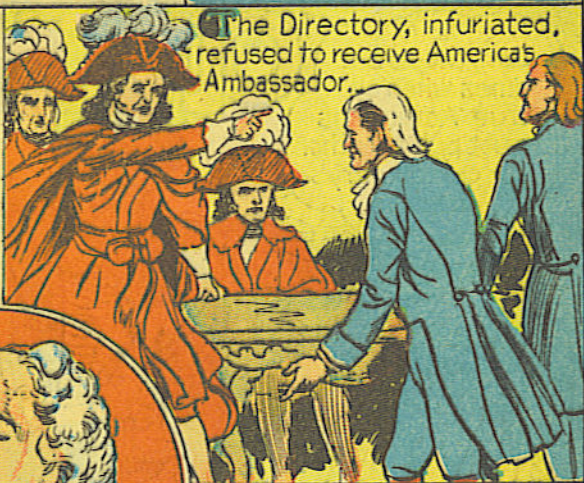


— and on land. France hoped to involve America against England again.

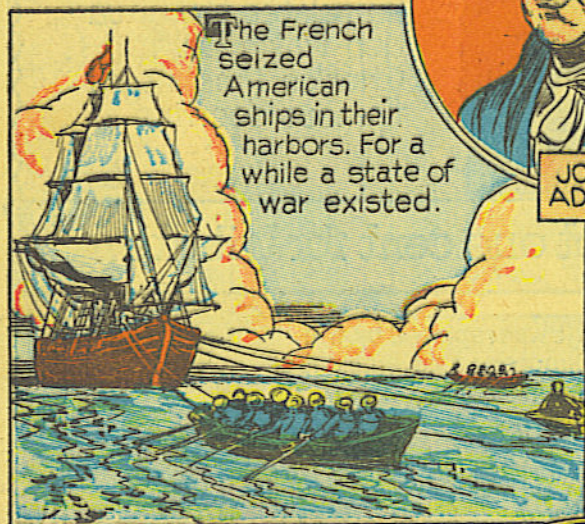


But a treaty was signed.

The differences between England and America over England's conduct of the war were smoothed out.



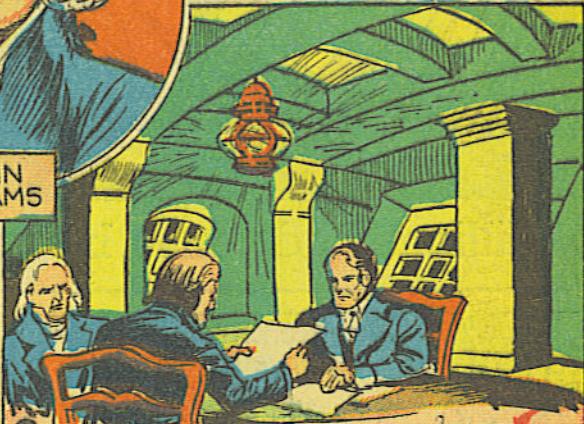
The Directory, infuriated, refused to receive America's Ambassador.



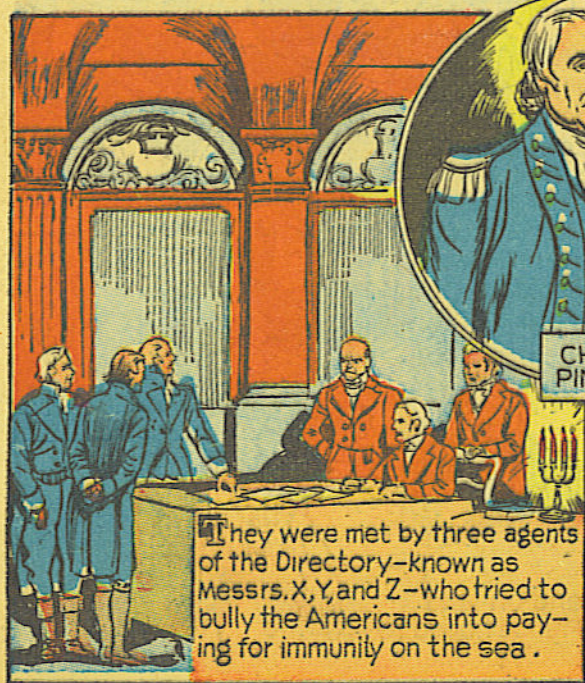
The French seized American ships in their harbors. For a while a state of war existed.



JOHN ADAMS



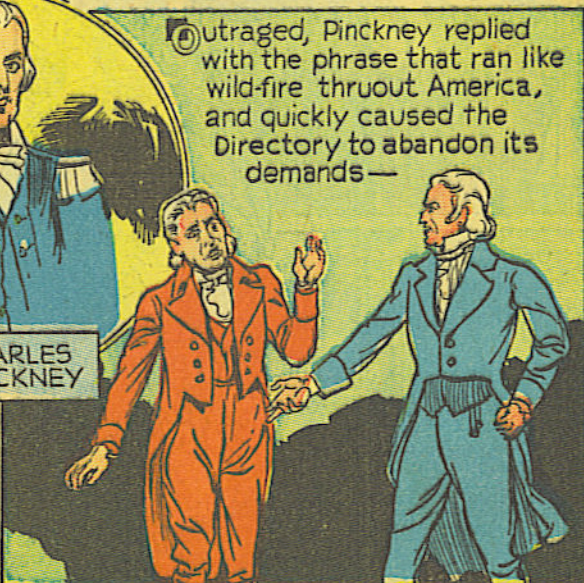
John Adams, President of the United States, sent Elbridge Gerry, John Marshall and Charles Pinckney to France to settle the difficulty.



They were met by three agents of the Directory—known as Messrs. X, Y, and Z—who tried to bully the Americans into paying for immunity on the sea.



CHARLES PINCKNEY



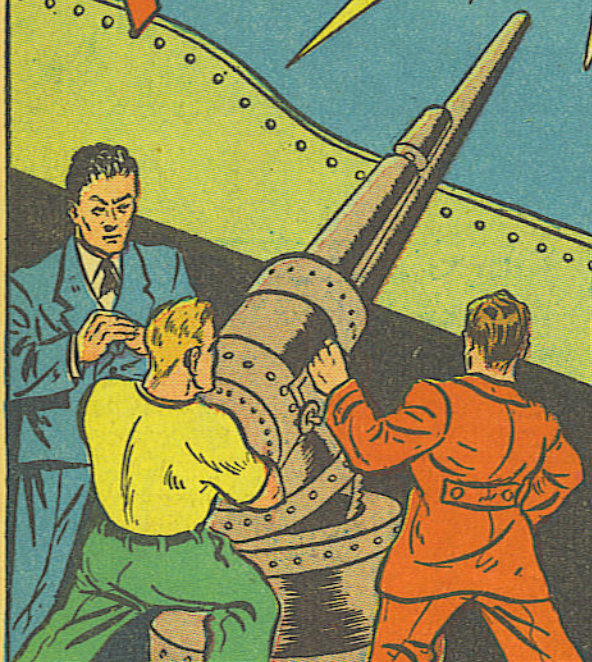
Outraged, Pinckney replied with the phrase that ran like wild-fire thruout America, and quickly caused the Directory to abandon its demands—

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!"

The Phantom Sub

AFTER FOILING THE ATTEMPT OF A FOREIGN POWER TO DESTROY THE U.S. FLEET BY USING A SECRET MINE-FIELD, THE PHANTOM SUB IS NOW SEARCHING FOR THE TRAWLERS WHICH LAID THE MINES. THESE TRAWLERS HAVE SEEMED TO VANISH FROM THE FACE OF THE SEA. THE ONLY POSSIBLE PLACE WHERE THEY MIGHT BE IS A SMALL DESERT ISLE BUT A SEARCH AROUND THE ISLE HAS REVEALED NOTHING!

by
FOS



CONCEALED IN A FOG CREATED BY THE WATER-GUN, THE PHANTOM SUB STANDS OFF THE DESERT ISLE.

I'LL BET MY LAST NICKEL THAT THOSE TRAWLERS ARE HIDDEN ON THAT ISLAND SOME PLACE! BUT WHERE?

LET ME GO ASHORE AND LOOK AROUND, JACK!



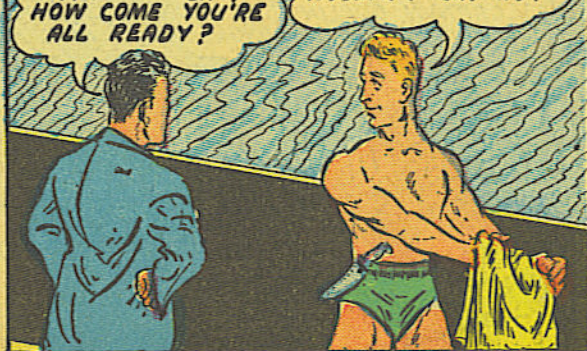
IT WOULD BE A DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING, SLIM. IF THEY'RE THERE, THEY MIGHT SEE YOU AND PICK YOU OFF LIKE A CLAY PIGEON!

WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT CHANCE, JACK, BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE CAREFUL. LET ME DO IT?



OKAY, GIVE IT A TRY. -- SAY, HOW COME YOU'RE ALL READY?

I KNEW THAT YOU WOULDN'T SAY NO!



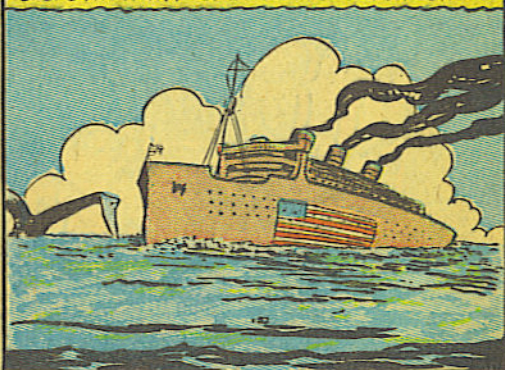
NOW LET US
GO BACK TO
THE WEEK
BEFORE.

IN
WASHINGTON, D.C.,
THE PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES
MAKES A
RADIO SPEECH.

NOW THAT ALL THE EFFORTS OF
THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS TO
PRESERVE PEACE SEEMINGLY HAVE
FAILED, THE SECOND WORLD WAR
IS SPREADING TO THE
NEAR EAST.
THOUSANDS OF
AMERICAN CITIZENS
ARE STRANDED
THERE. TO BRING
THEM SAFELY HOME,
I AM SENDING THE
S.S. STALWART TO
SINGAPORE.



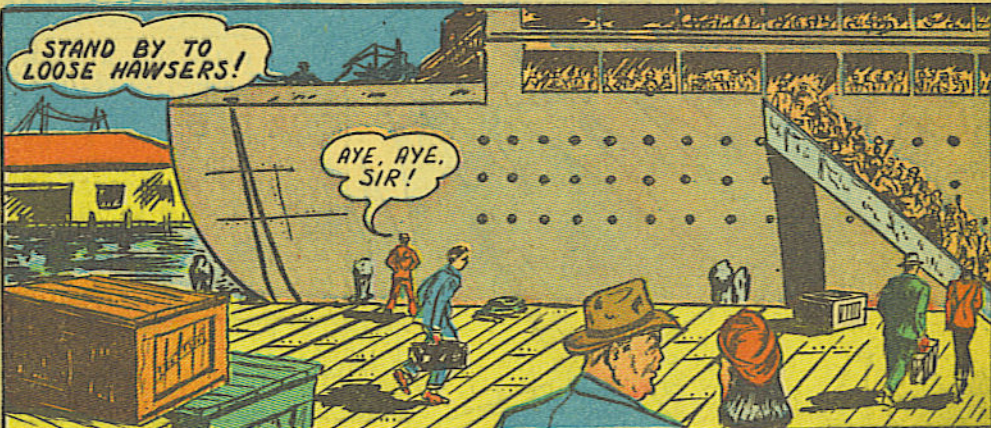
SO, ON HER ERRAND OF MERCY, THE
S.S. STALWART SPEEDS TO SINGAPORE.



IN
SINGAPORE,
THE REFUGEES
SOON FILL
THE RESCUE
SHIP TO
CAPACITY,
AND THE
BIG LINER
PREPARES
TO LIFT
ANCHOR.

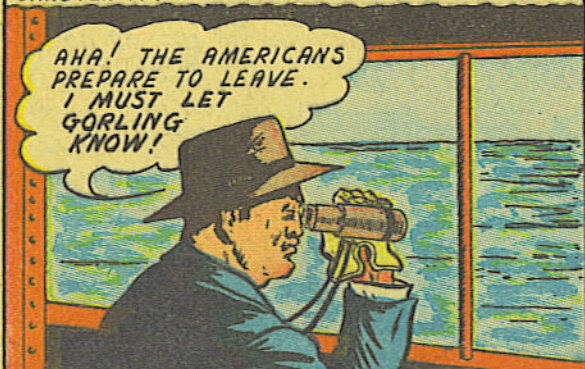
STAND BY TO
LOOSE HAWSERS!

AYE, AYE,
SIR!

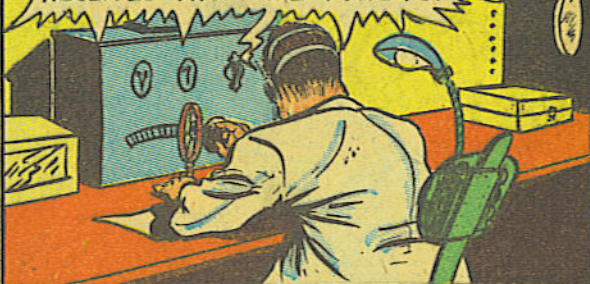


BUT NOT FAR AWAY ON A MOTOR LAUNCH, A
SINISTER FIGURE WATCHES WITH INTEREST.

AHA! THE AMERICANS
PREPARE TO LEAVE.
I MUST LET
GORLING
KNOW!

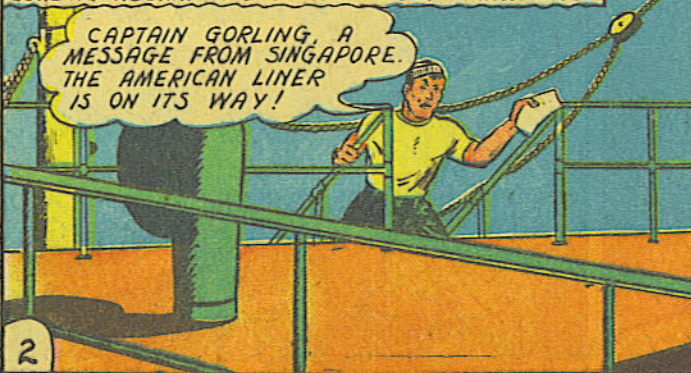


CALLING CAPTAIN GORLING -
AMERICAN LINER S.S. STALWART
CARRYING REFUGEES IS LEAVING
SINGAPORE! WILL BE OFF ISLAND
TOMORROW. CARRY OUT ORDERS
RECEIVED FROM THE POWERS.



THE MESSAGE IS RECEIVED BY THE EVIL
GORLING ABOARD ONE OF THE HIDDEN TRAWLERS.

CAPTAIN GORLING, A
MESSAGE FROM SINGAPORE.
THE AMERICAN LINER
IS ON ITS WAY!



GOOD! WITH ONE WELL-AIMED
TORPEDO WE WILL SEND THAT
AMERICAN BOAT TO
THE BOTTOM. OUR
ENEMIES WILL BE
BLAMED AND THE
UNITED STATES
WILL BE DRAWN
INTO THE WAR
ON OUR
SIDE!



NOW -
BACK TO
THE PRESENT.

AFTER
SLIPPING OFF
THE FOG -
CONCEALED
PHANTOM SUB,
SLIM IS
JUST REACHING
THE SHORE
OF THE
ISLAND

MADE IT! NOW,
UNLESS THEY'RE
WAITING TO AMBUSH
ME, I HAVEN'T
BEEN SEEN!



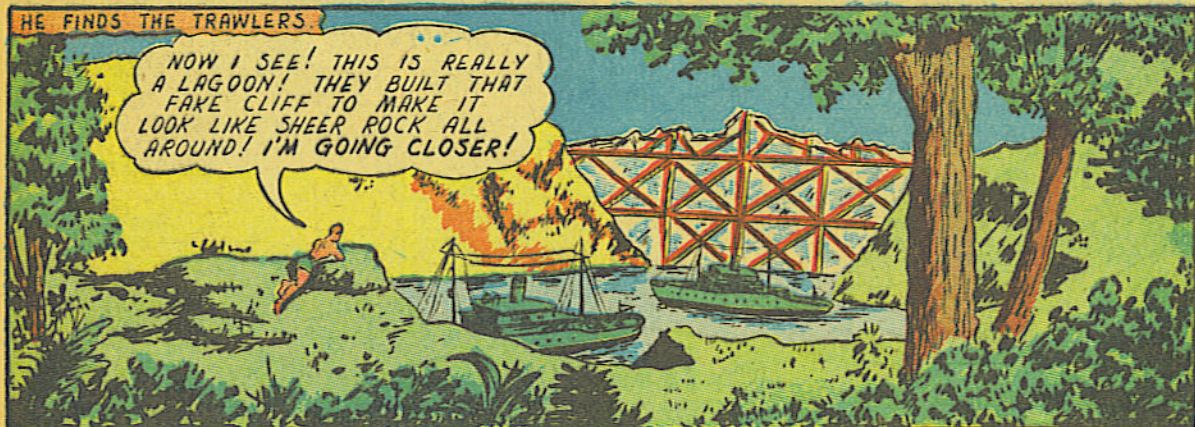
SLIM MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

HEY, THIS ISN'T
ROCK - IT'S JUST
PAINTED CANVAS!
I'D BETTER GET
OFF BEFORE I
FALL THRU!

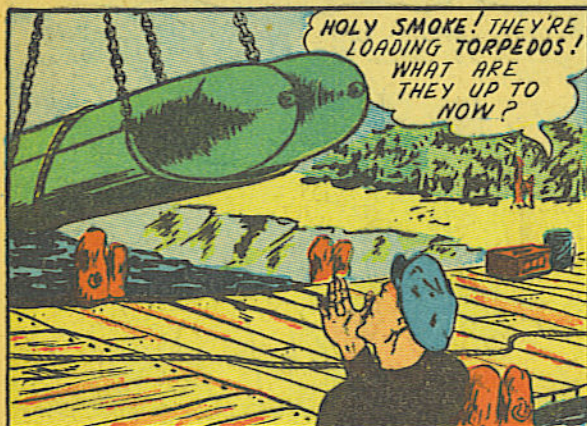


HE FINDS THE TRAWLERS.

NOW I SEE! THIS IS REALLY
A LAGOON! THEY BUILT THAT
FAKE CLIFF TO MAKE IT
LOOK LIKE SHEER ROCK ALL
AROUND! I'M GOING CLOSER!



HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE
LOADING TORPEDOS!
WHAT ARE
THEY UP TO
NOW?



SLIM IS SEEN BY ONE OF THE CREW.

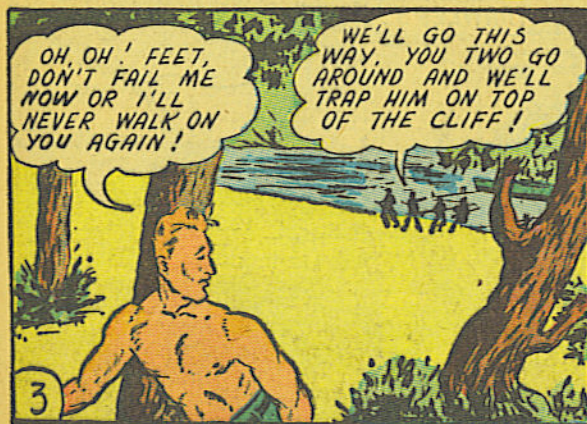
CAPTAIN, THERE'S
SOME GUY WITH NO
CLOTHES ON WATCHING
US FROM BEHIND
A TREE!

WHAT? IT MUST BE
A NATIVE, THOUGH I
THOUGHT THIS PLACE
WAS DESERTED!
TAKE SOME OF THE
BOYS WITH RIFLES
AND DO AWAY
WITH HIM!



OH, OH! FEET,
DON'T FAIL ME
NOW OR I'LL
NEVER WALK ON
YOU AGAIN!

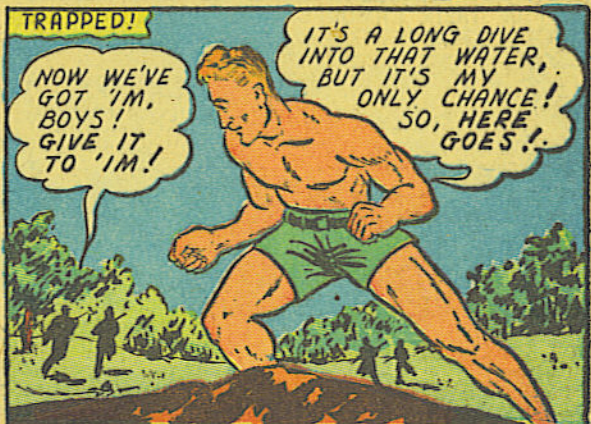
WE'LL GO THIS
WAY. YOU TWO GO
AROUND AND WE'LL
TRAP HIM ON TOP
OF THE CLIFF!



TRAPPED!

NOW WE'VE
GOT 'IM,
BOYS!
GIVE IT
TO 'IM!

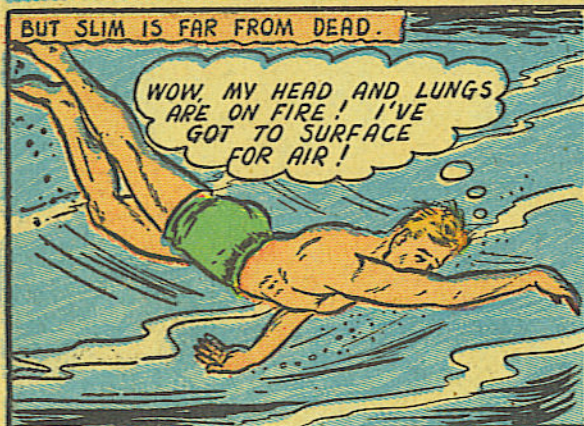
IT'S A LONG DIVE
INTO THAT WATER,
BUT IT'S MY
ONLY CHANCE!
SO, HERE
GOES!



SLIM DIVES OFF THE SIXTY-FOOT CLIFF.



BUT SLIM IS FAR FROM DEAD.



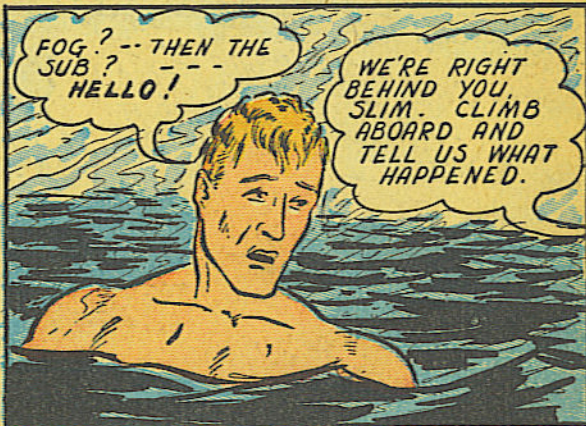
NOT A RIDDLE! IF WE DIDN'T GET HIM, THE FALL MUST HAVE!

WELL, LET'S GO! CAPTAIN'S IN A HURRY TO GET THOSE TORPEDOS ABOARD!



FOG? -- THEN THE SUB? -- HELLO!

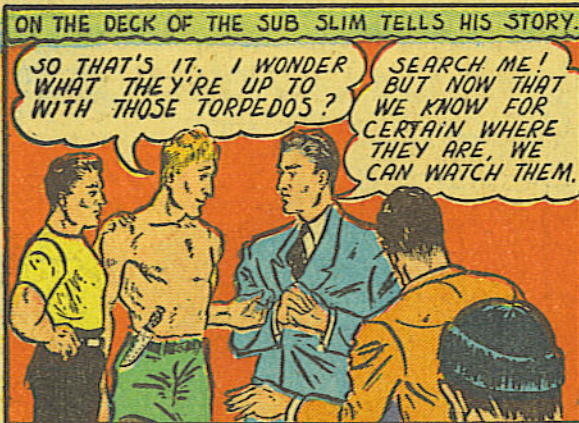
WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, SLIM. CLIMB ABOARD AND TELL US WHAT HAPPENED.



ON THE DECK OF THE SUB SLIM TELLS HIS STORY.

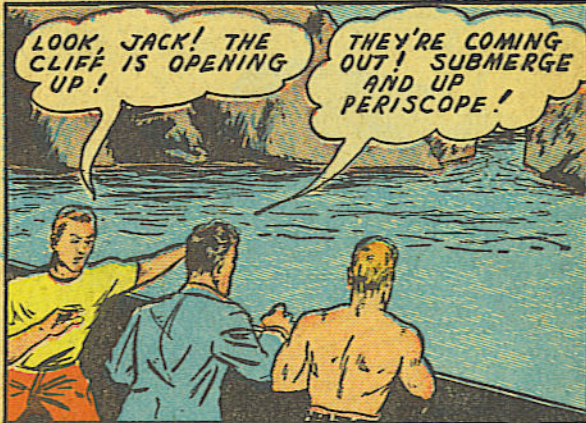
SO THAT'S IT. I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO WITH THOSE TORPEDOS?

SEARCH ME! BUT NOW THAT WE KNOW FOR CERTAIN WHERE THEY ARE, WE CAN WATCH THEM.

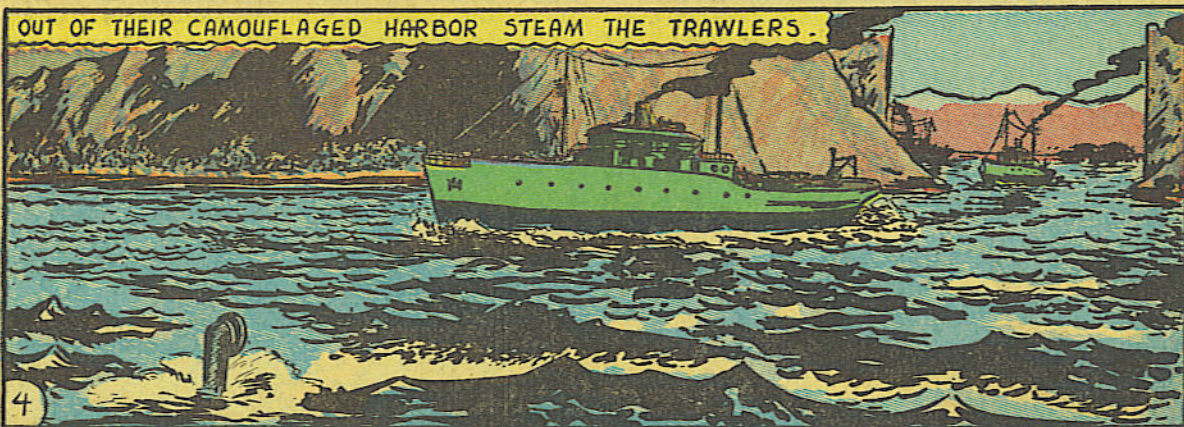


LOOK, JACK! THE CLIFF IS OPENING UP!

THEY'RE COMING OUT! SUBMERGE AND UP PERISCOPE!



OUT OF THEIR CAMOUFLAGED HARBOR STEAM THE TRAWLERS.



OUT TO SEA THEY GO. — THEN A LOOKOUT
SUDDENLY CRIES.

REFUGEE LINER
OFF PORT BOW,
SIR!

STATIONS, ALL!
HOLD FIRE
'TIL I GIVE
THE SIGNAL!

UNAWARE OF ITS IMPENDING DOOM, THE S.S.
STALWART NEARS THE TRAWLERS.

THREE FISHING BOATS
DEAD AHEAD, SIR!

I DOUBT IF WE'VE
ANYTHING TO FEAR,
BUT WATCH
THEM!

ABOARD THE S.S. STALWART.

DO YOU THINK THAT THERE
WAS ANYTHING TO THE RUMOR.
THAT ONE OF THE POWERS
WILL TRY TO SINK THIS SHIP
IN AN ATTEMPT TO DRAG
OUR COUNTRY INTO THE WAR?

I DOUBT
IT. BUT WE
MUST ALWAYS
BE READY
FOR THE
WORST!

IT MAY SOUND FUNNY, SIR,
BUT I FEEL A SENSE OF
IMPENDING DISASTER, AND I DON'T
LIKE THE WAY THOSE TRAWLERS
ARE ALIGNED. LOOK, UNLESS
WE CHANGE OUR COURSE, WE'LL
HAVE TO PASS BETWEEN THEM.

CONTACT
THEM AND
MAKE IT
KNOWN WHO
WE ARE!

AHOY, THERE! THIS IS THE
U.S. REFUGEE LINER STALWART!
GIVE US A WIDER BERTH!

WE'LL GIVE 'EM
A BERTH — A
BERTH IN DAVEY
JONES' LOCKER!

AT A SIGNAL FROM GORLING, THE TRAWLER
CREW RIPS THE TARP FROM THE CONCEALED
TORPEDO TUBES.

NOW, CAP'N?

YES! THEY'RE RIGHT
IN LINE! GIVE
'EM THE FIRST
ONE!

STRAIGHT FOR THE REFUGEE LINER SPEEDS
THE TORPEDO.

WHILE ABOARD THE S.S. STALWART—

A TORPEDO!
THEY'RE TRYING TO
SINK US!

TO THE LIFE-
BOATS!
GUN CREWS
TO STATIONS!



THE TERRIFIED PASSENGERS FLOCK TO THE
LIFE BOATS

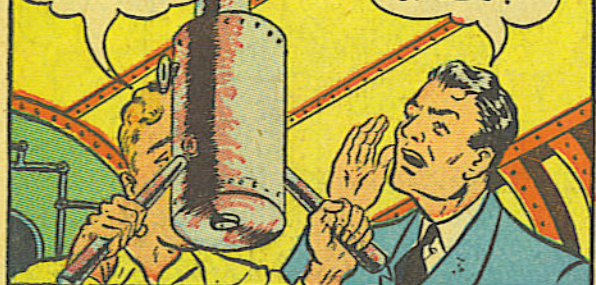
TAKE IT EASY NOW!
BE CALM, EVERYONE!



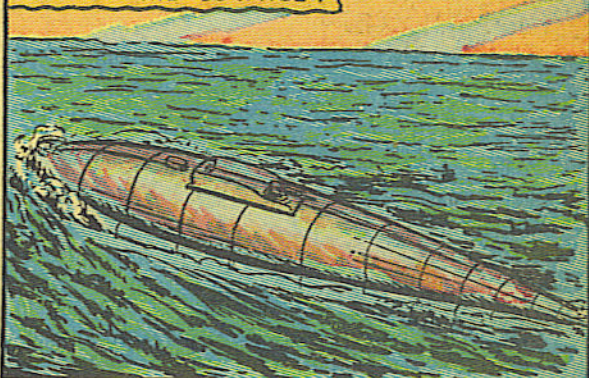
ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB, SLIM AT THE
PERISCOPE SEES WHAT IS HAPPENING.

JACK! THEY'RE
TORPEDOING
THAT LINER!

SURFACE THE
SUB! FULL
SPEED!

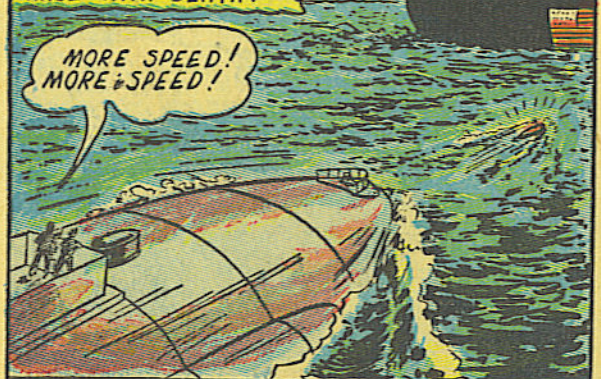


WITH TERRIFIC SPEED THE PHANTOM SUB
BREAKS THE SURFACE.



AFTER THE SPEEDING TORPEDO IT GOES IN A
RACE WITH DEATH.

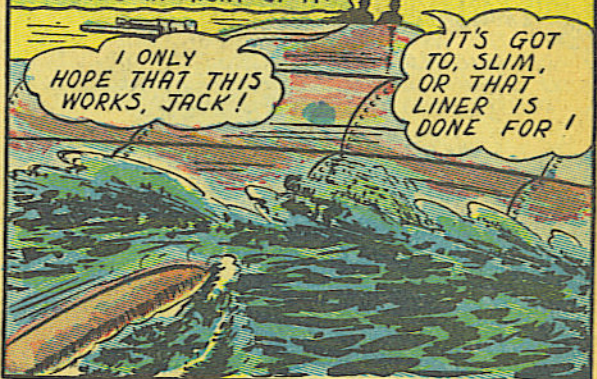
MORE SPEED!
MORE SPEED!



PASSING THE TORPEDO, THE PHANTOM SUB
SWERVES IN FRONT OF IT.

I ONLY
HOPE THAT THIS
WORKS, JACK!

IT'S GOT
TO, SLIM,
OR THAT
LINER IS
DONE FOR!



THE
PHANTOM SUB
SWERVES IN
FRONT OF THE
SPEEDING TORPEDO.
THE TORPEDO
IS CAUGHT IN
THE SLIPSTREAM
OF THE SUB'S
WAKE, AND IS
DRAWN AFTER
THE SUB.

JUST AT THE LINER'S SIDE, THE
PHANTOM SUB TURNS. THE TORPEDO
TURNS WITH IT AND DISASTER IS
AVERTED.



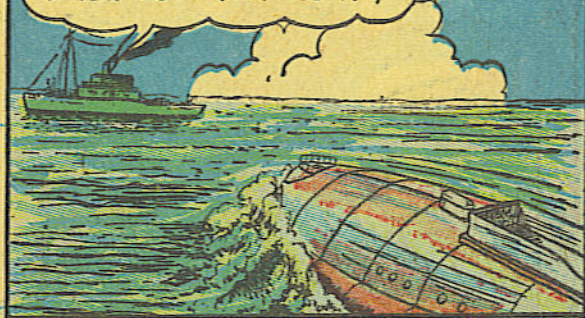
IT WORKED, JACK!
BUT NOW THE DARN
THING'S FOLLOWING US.
IF IT CATCHES US IT'S
CURTAINS! WHAT
ARE WE GONNA DO?

I'VE GOT AN IDEA,
SLIM! AND NO
FEAR OF THAT
TORPEDO CATCHING
US. WE CAN KEEP
AHEAD OF IT EASILY!

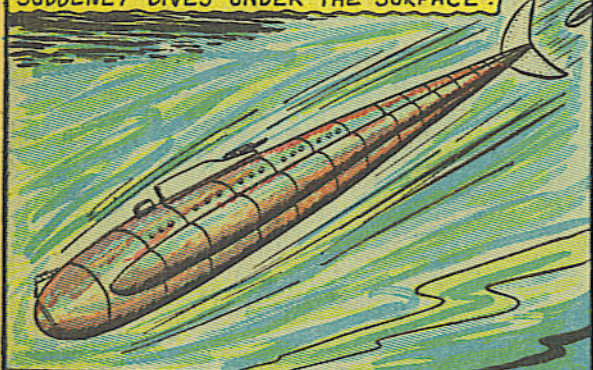


AT FULL SPEED, THE PHANTOM SUB HEADS
DIRECTLY FOR CAPTAIN GORLING'S TRAWLER.

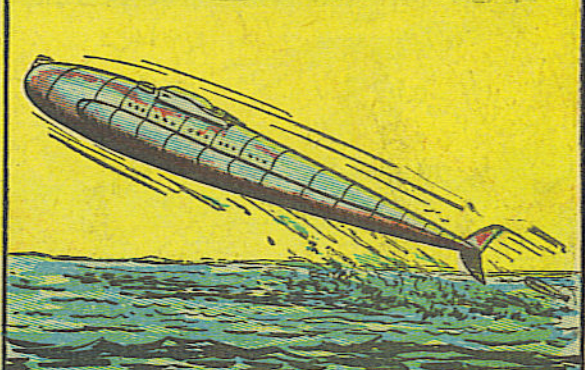
HEY! LOOK! NOW IT'S COMING
AFTER US! WHAT IS IT?



WITH THE TORPEDO STILL FOLLOWING, THE SUB
SUDDENLY DIVES UNDER THE SURFACE.

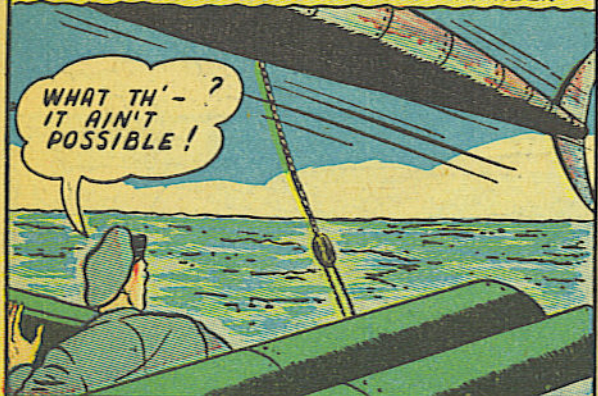


THEN IT BREAKS WATER LIKE A DOLPHIN, AND-



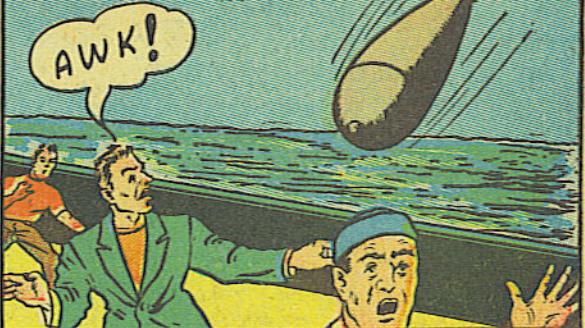
LEAPS HIGH INTO THE AIR OVER THE TRAWLER!

WHAT TH'- ?
IT AIN'T
POSSIBLE!

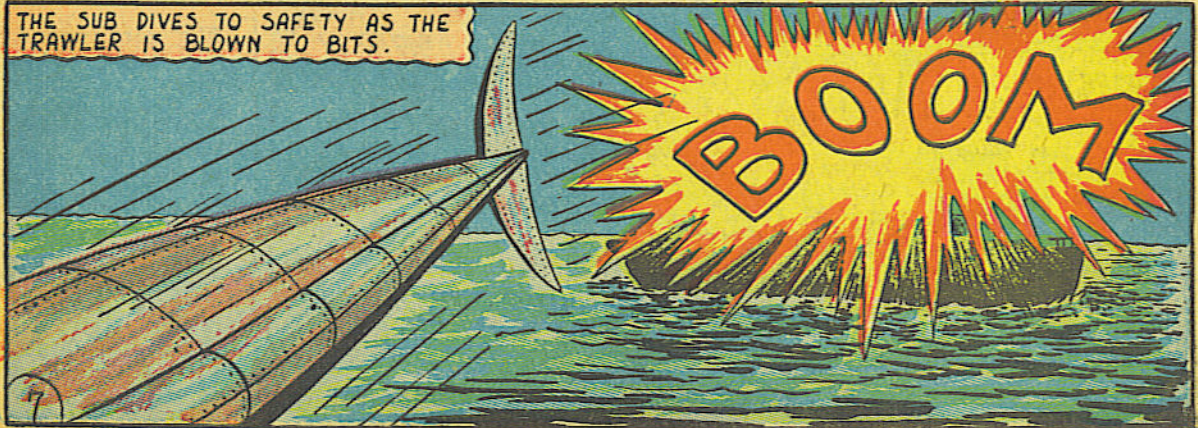


STILL FOLLOWING THE PHANTOM SUB, THE TORPEDO
IS CARRIED BY ITS MOMENTUM INTO THE AIR.
THEN IT DROPS ONTO THE DECK
OF THE TRAWLER.

AWK!



THE SUB DIVES TO SAFETY AS THE
TRAWLER IS BLOWN TO BITS.



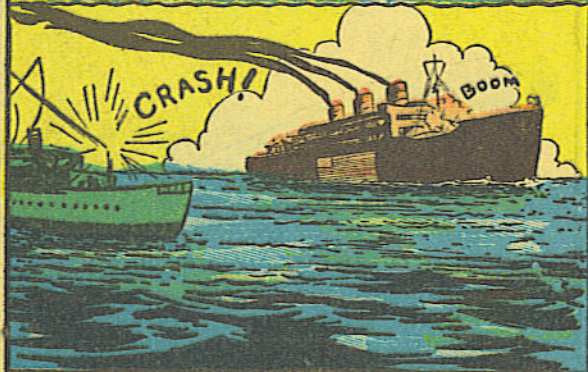
ABOARD THE SAVED LINER.

IT CAN'T BE TRUE!
NO CRAFT CAN
TRAVEL THAT FAST!

BUT IT IS
TRUE, CAPTAIN.
THAT'S THE
PHANTOM SUB!



ONE OF THE REMAINING TRAWLERS IS SUNK
BY THE LINER'S 3-INCH GUNS.



REALIZING THAT THE DANGER ISN'T OVER YET
THE STALWART'S CREW LEAPS TO THE DECK
GUNS.



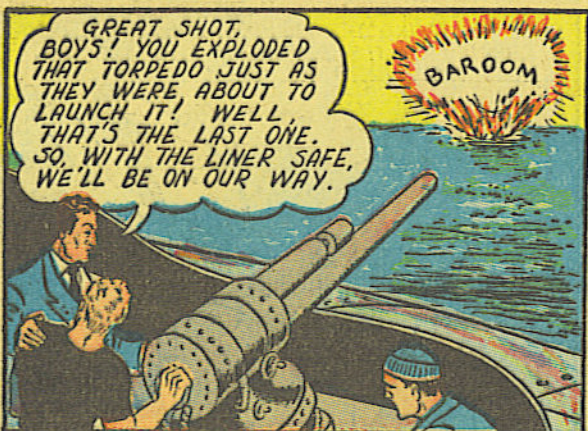
THE THIRD TRAWLER IS JUST ABOUT TO
LAUNCH A TORPEDO, WHEN —

LET 'ER GO!

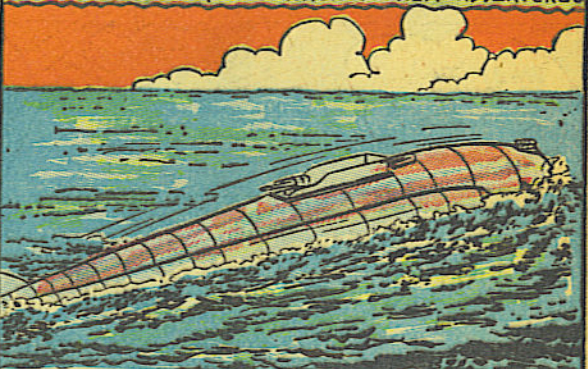


GREAT SHOT,
BOYS! YOU EXPLODED
THAT TORPEDO JUST AS
THEY WERE ABOUT TO
LAUNCH IT! WELL,
THAT'S THE LAST ONE.
SO, WITH THE LINER SAFE,
WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.

BAROOM



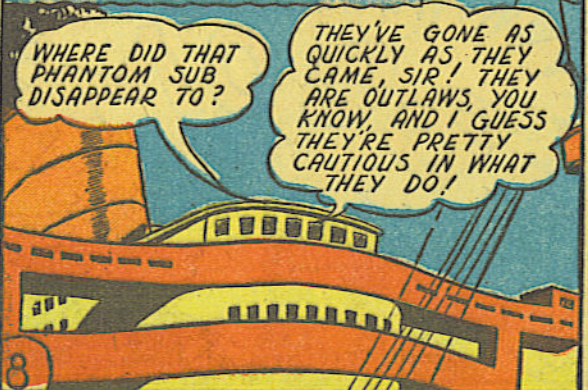
ANOTHER JOB WELL DONE, THE PHANTOM
SUB SPEEDS OFF, IN SEARCH OF NEW ADVENTURES



WHILE ABOARD THE U.S.S. STALWART—

WHERE DID THAT
PHANTOM SUB
DISAPPEAR TO?

THEY'VE GONE AS
QUICKLY AS THEY
CAME, SIR! THEY
ARE OUTLAWS, YOU
KNOW, AND I GUESS
THEY'RE PRETTY
CAUTIOUS IN WHAT
THEY DO!



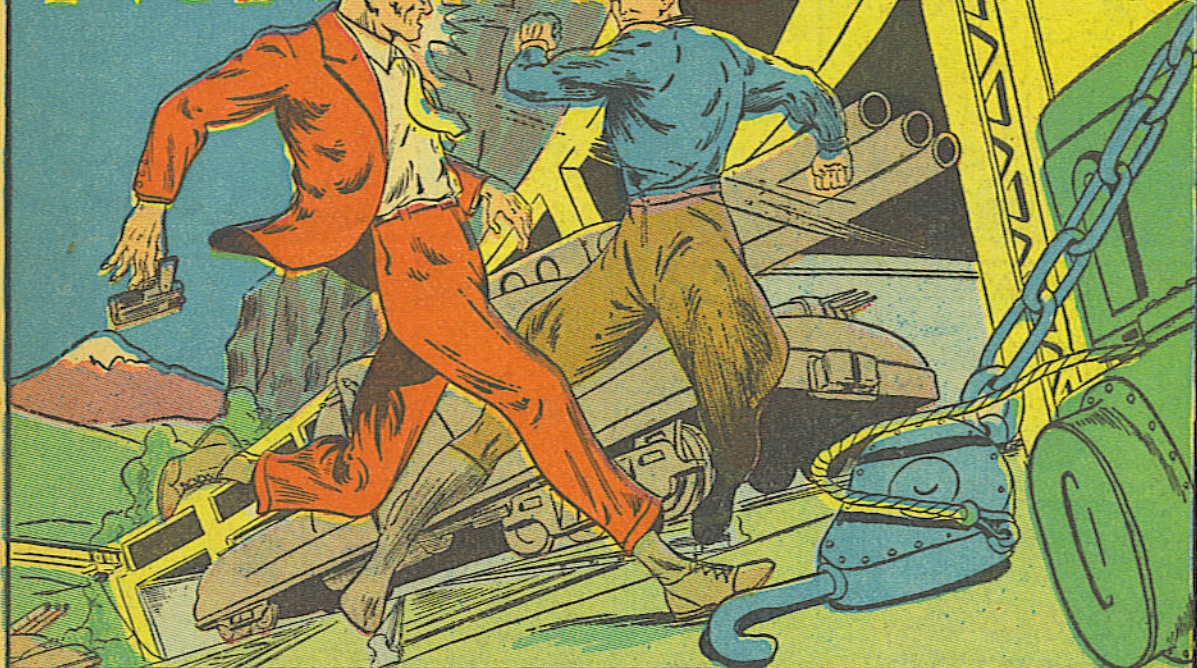
BUT I WANTED TO
THANK THEM FOR
THEIR BRAVE DEED
IN SAVING ALL
THESE LIVES! THE
PRESIDENT SHALL KNOW
OF THEIR COURAGEOUS
FEAT!



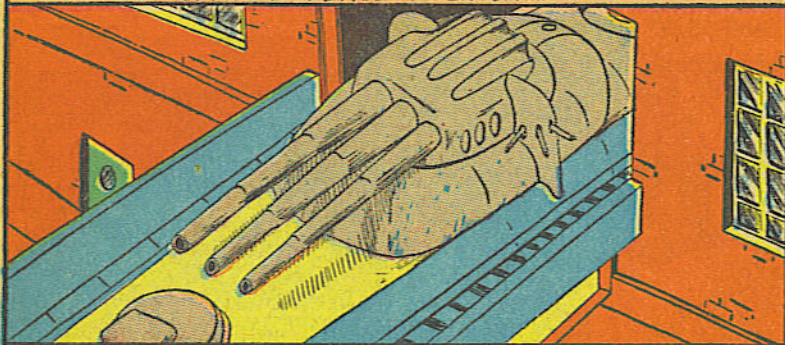
THE PHANTOM
SUB SEEMS TO
HAVE A HABIT
OF APPEARING
AND DISAPPEARING
SUDDENLY, DOESN'T
IT?
BUT DON'T FEAR.
THERE WILL BE
ANOTHER THRILLING
ADVENTURE OF
THE PHANTOM SUB
IN NEXT MONTH'S
BLUE BOLT
COMICS

STREAMENGINEER

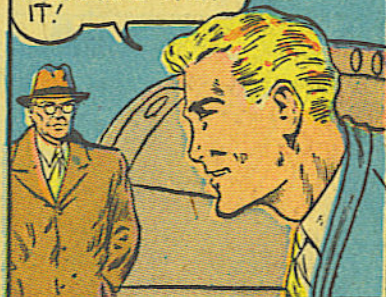
RUNAWAY RONSON



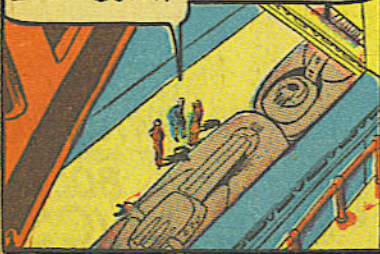
IN A MID-WESTERN ARMS FACTORY A SHIPMENT OF RAILROAD GUNS STANDS READY TO BE SENT TO A SECRET ATLANTIC COAST DEFENSE POSITION....



WHY ALL THE SECRETS. AND COMMOTION ABOUT THESE GUNS? I DON'T THINK ANYBODY WILL TRY TO STEAL ONE AND RUN AWAY WITH IT!



RUNAWAY, EVERY NATION IN THE WORLD WOULD PAY MILLIONS FOR JUST A FAINT IDEA OF HOW THESE GUNS WORK! THEY'RE THE MOST DANGEROUS RAILROAD GUNS EVER BUILT!



WELL! THIS IS MORE THAN I EXPECTED! SINCE THAT'S THE CASE, ANYONE COMING NEAR THEM MEETS ME WITH A MONKEY-WRENCH IN MY HAND!



I'VE HEARD OF YOUR ABILITY TO BRING A 'RUN' THROUGH ON TIME SO I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT WORRIED!

YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED THOUGH!



ALL SET TO CONNECT THEM
UP, PAT?

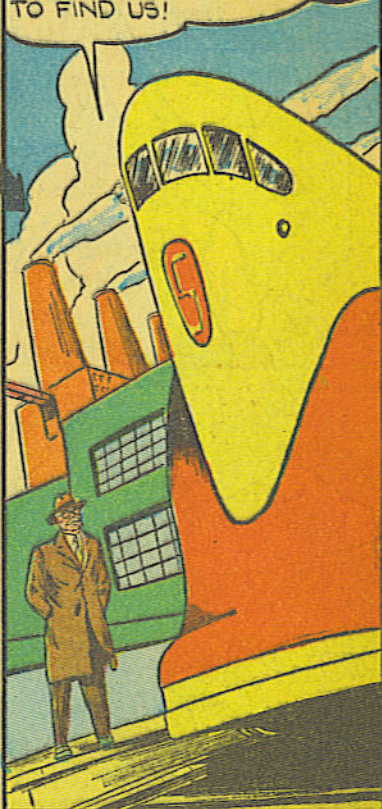
OKAY!



AS SOON AS I HEAR FROM
YOU ON THE EAST COAST, I'LL
SEND YOU BOYS A NICE
BONUS!



FINE... AND IF YOU DON'T...
SEND THE ARMY OUT
TO FIND US!



SOME TIME LATER....

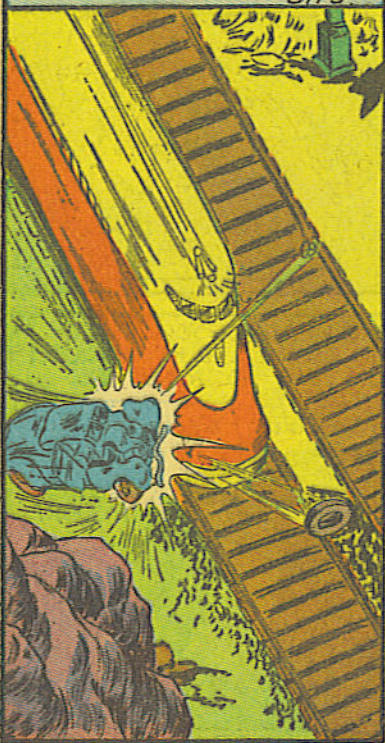
RUNAWAY.... THAT
CAR IS RACING
WITH US!



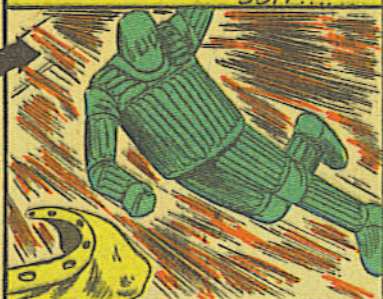
HEY! THERE'S A
CROSSING
AHEAD OF YOU! SLOW
DOWN, YOU FOOL.... YOU'LL
KILL YOURSELF!



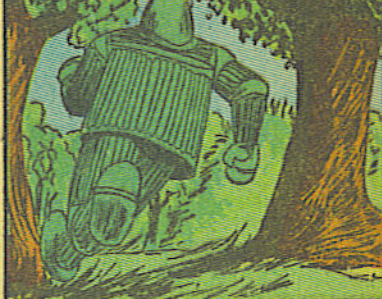
THEN.... THE CROSSROAD....
TRAIN AND CAR MEET IN A
DEAFENING CRASH.... AND
THE CAR IS SMASHED INTO
BITS!



STRANGELY.... FROM THE
CRASHING WRECK LEAPS
THE DRIVER OF THE CAR...
DRESSED IN A PADDED
SUIT....



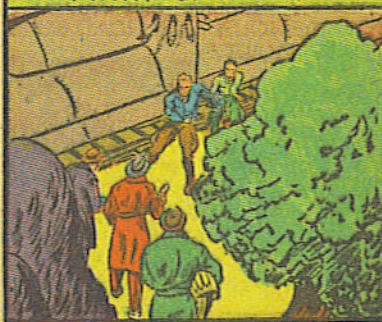
SCRAMBLING TO HIS FEET,
THE MYSTERIOUS DRIVER
RUNS INTO THE NEARBY
WOODS....



I'VE NEVER SEEN IT TO FAIL
THAT SOMETHING DIDN'T
HAPPEN TO MAKE
ME STOP WHEN I'M
IN A HURRY!

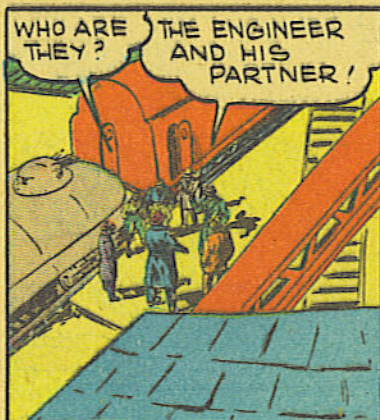
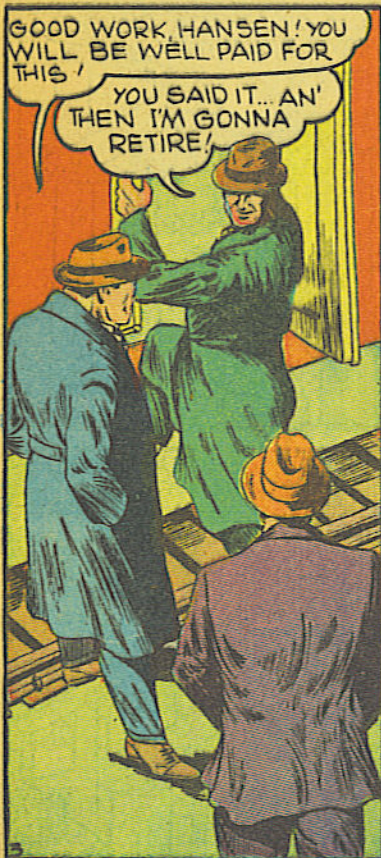
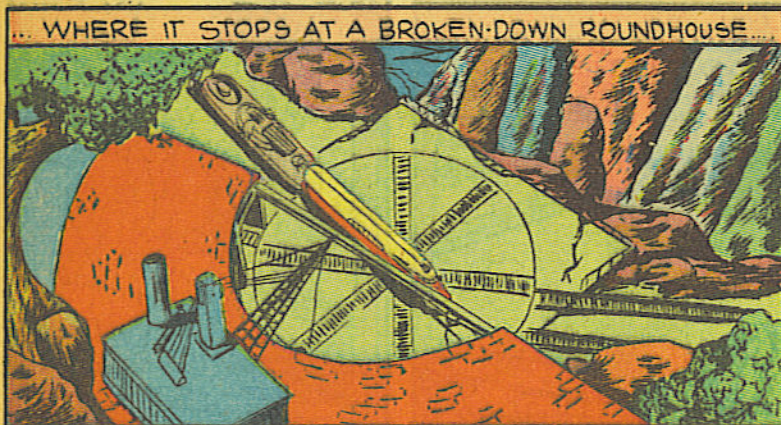
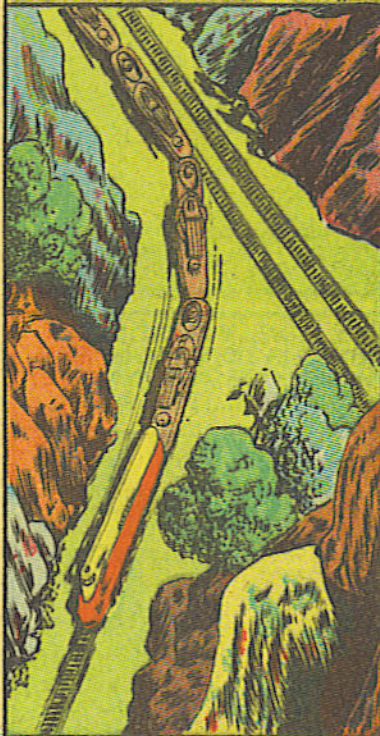


AS RUNAWAY AND PAT
WALK TOWARD THE WRECK,
SEVERAL MEN STEP OUT IN
FRONT OF THEM....

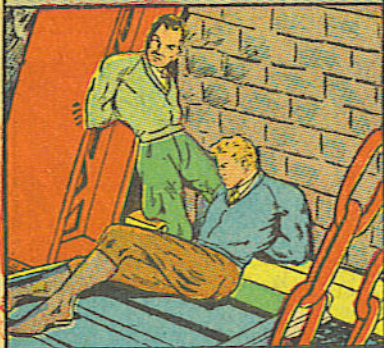




THE TRAINLOAD OF GUNS IS SWITCHED OFF TO AN OLD ABANDONED TRACK LEADING DEEP INTO THE MOUNTAINS....



DESPERATELY, RUNAWAY
AND ANDY TRY TO BREAK
THEIR BONDS.



IT'S NO USE...WE'RE TIED
TOO TIGHTLY AND THE
ROPES ARE TOO
STRONG!



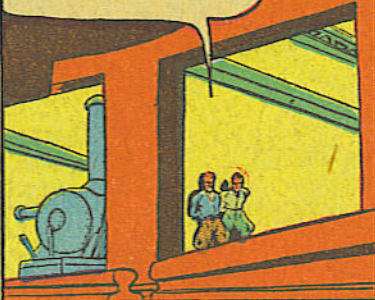
SUDDENLY THE TURN-TABLE
IN THE OLD ROUNDHOUSE
BEGINS TO MOVE.



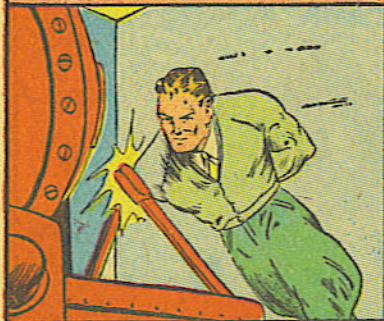
THEY HAVE THIS OLD PLACE
RUNNING SO THEY CAN TURN
THOSE GUNS ANY WAY THEY
WANT! PAT...I'VE AN
IDEA!



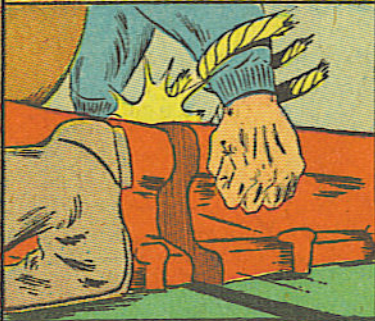
LOOK... THE TRACKS ARE
OPEN! GET TO THE CONTROLS
AND START THIS TURN-TABLE
AGAIN... I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
WE'LL GET FREE!



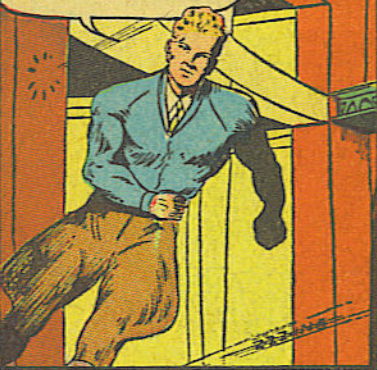
IN A MAD DASH, PAT REACHES
THE OLD ENGINE AND LUNGING
FORWARD AT THE CLUTCH,
THROWS IT INTO GEAR.



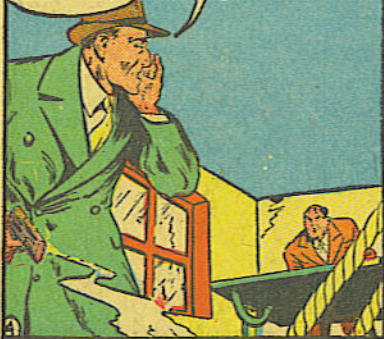
AS THE TURN-TABLE BEGINS
TO MOVE, RUNAWAY PUSHES
THE ROPES ON HIS HANDS
BETWEEN THE OPEN TRACKS.



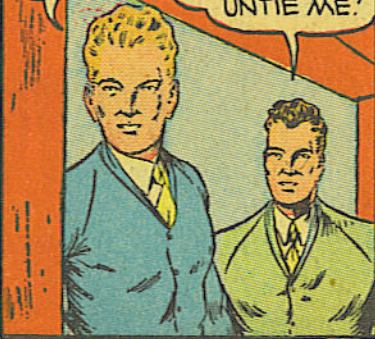
OH-OH! THESE CROOKS
HAVE SEEN ME!



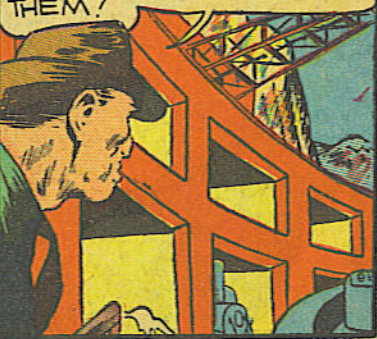
THAT ENGINEER AN' HIS
PARTNER... THEY'RE
LOOSE!

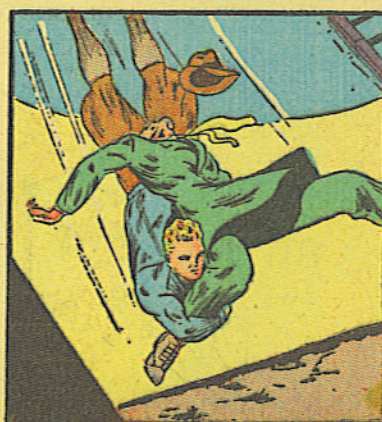
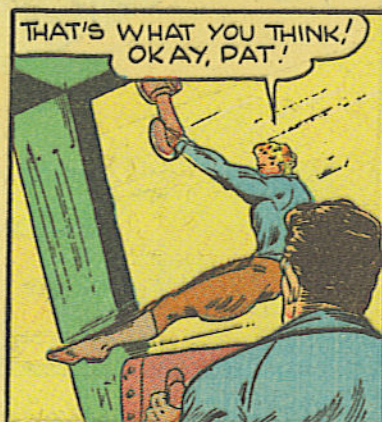


WOW! THAT WAS
CLOSE! C'MON,
RUNAWAY...
UNTIE ME!

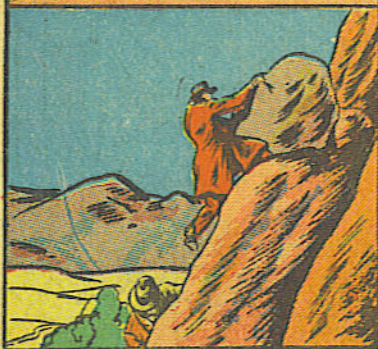


WE GOT 'EM TRAPPED IN
THAT BOOTH WITH TH'
ENGINE! NOW TO FINISH
THEM!

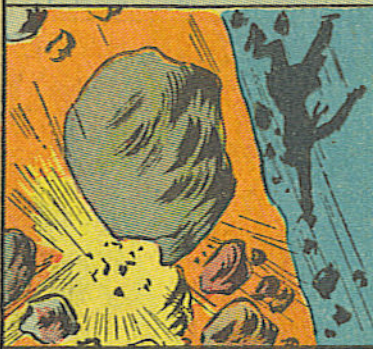




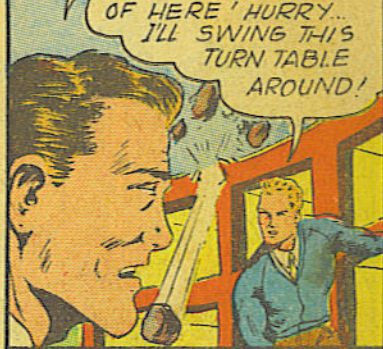
MEANWHILE, TWO OF THE
FLEEING MEN SCRAMBLE
UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE....



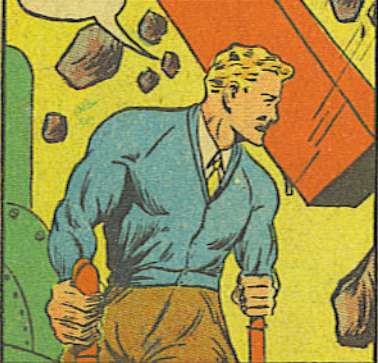
....WHEN A BOULDER COMES
LOOSE, STARTING A
LAND-SLIDE....



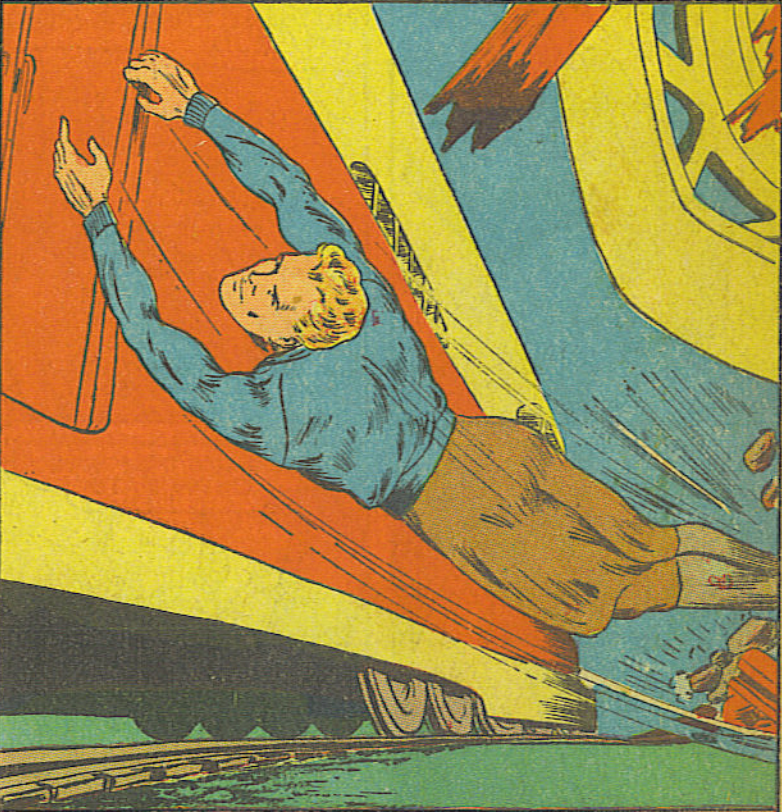
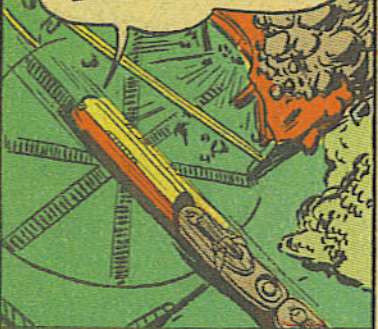
RUNAWAY... A
LAND-SLIDE! GET THAT
TRAIN-LOAD
OF GUNS OUT
OF HERE ' HURRY...
I'LL SWING THIS
TURN TABLE
AROUND!



OKAY, PAT... OPEN HER
UP!

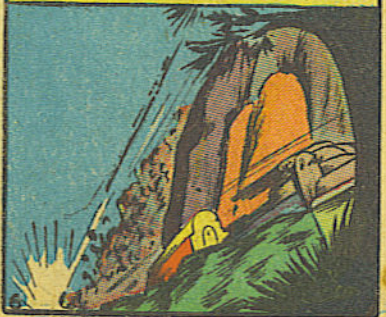


RUNAWAY...
LOOK OUT!!



AS TONS UPON TONS OF ROCKS CRASH DOWN UPON THE OLD
ROUND-HOUSE, RUNAWAY STREAKS TO THE MOVING ENGINE.

WITH BARELY SECONDS TO
SPARE, THE TRAIN BACKS
OUT OF THE LAND-SLIDE
AREA....



WELL, PAT... MAYBE THEY'RE
BETTER OFF UNDER THOSE
ROCKS THAN GOING
BEFORE A COURT WITH A
TREASON CHARGE
AGAINST THEM!



ANOTHER EPISODE
OF
**RUNAWAY
RONSON**
WILL
APPEAR IN
THE NEXT ISSUE

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